25 June 1976 25p USA & Canada $1 By Air

NEW STATESMAN

Ambassador College
AUG 9 1976
LIBRARY

Donald Woods: Dress Rehearsal in South Africa
Peter Gillman on Questions of Identity
John Hatch: Chill Wind in Jamaica
Peter Wilby: Exams and Elitists
Paul Callan on Walking Among Kings
Malcolm Muggeridge in the Steps of Paul Johnson
Paul Theroux: Cary Peter Conrad: Dali
Benedict Nightingale on The Iceman Cometh

Naught for Dr Kissinger's Comfort

Precedents for meetings between world leaders in Bavaria are not entirely happy – and in its anxiety to distance itself from Mr Vorster's colloquy with Dr Kissinger the West German Government has unwittingly raised some disquieting historical echoes. They are disquieting precisely because the parallels are a little too close for comfort. What Dr Kissinger began by wanting from Mr Vorster was his co-operation in bringing about a 'peace with honour' to the West in both Rhodesia and Namibia: to acquire that co-operation he was ready to pay the price of treating South Africa itself as a very different problem. If he was never publicly prepared to throw South Africa's black population to the wolves, he does at least seem to have been privately willing to concede that the threat posed to world order by 17½ million blacks in South Africa was a good deal less pressing a challenge than that presented by the much smaller black populations of Namibia and Rhodesia.

It was always a cynical calculation and the events of the past week in Soweto and the other African townships should by now have made it seem, even to Dr Kissinger, a totally unacceptable one. Not that Dr Kissinger has been alone in his attitude. Few developments have been more depressing over the past decade than the way in which racial oppression in South Africa has come to be accepted by the world community as a fact of life – uncomfortable, no doubt, but something we must all learn to live with in an unemotional way. The change has perhaps been most striking in Britain. Sixteen years ago there was no doubting the universal sense of outrage – uniting Left and Right alike – that greeted the Sharpeville massacre; this week Mr Vorster was to be heard from Germany not only actually quoting with approbation from the *Sunday Express* but also congratulating 'all the British newspapers' on the tone of their comments on the latest police carnage – a tone, he said, that he found 'an agreeable contrast' to the reaction of the press in his own country.

The truth, sadly, is that even the British liberal conscience has long since put South Africa on the back-burner. The days when the entire 'triple alliance' of the Labour movement could call for a consumers' boycott on South African goods and when Trevor Huddleston's *Naught for Your Comfort* could become overnight a runaway best-seller are now almost as if they had never been. Instead even those on the Left are told today to 'face facts' and to 'come to terms with reality'. But what has happened in Soweto, in Alexandra and the other townships over the past week should at least enable us to realise just what the 'reality' is that we are being asked to accept. For all the bland advertising of bodies like the 'Club of Ten', South Africa stands starkly revealed as being today just as ruthless a police state as it ever was in Dr Verwoerd's time. Mr Vorster, like Dr Verwoerd before him, knows perfectly well that the Africans will always object to the pattern of oppression that the National Party exists to impose upon them. Indeed, it is precisely for that reason that his Government has taken such good care to see to it that when uprisings or outbreaks of violence do occur, they are always put down not so much with firmness as with brutality.

But is such a nakedly repressive approach one that the West can allow Dr Kissinger even tacitly to endorse on its behalf? For the moment South Africa may be less likely to turn into another Angola than Rhodesia or Namibia. But South Africa is not, and can never be, an island unto itself. Its present masters may successfully stop the free movement of men; even they cannot prevent the free passage of ideas. The flaw in Dr Kissinger's strategy was always that it envisaged that matters could be so arranged in order to see to it that the Republic of South Africa enjoyed 'separate development' from the rest of the continent. The very concept, of course, was borrowed from apartheid – and those who were shot down in Soweto and elsewhere last week will not have been murdered in vain if their deaths have taught Dr Kissinger (and those in the British Government, including Mr Callaghan, who think like him) that there could be no more politically dangerous, or morally unworthy, game for the West to play.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Where is the Streaking Leaker?

Here in Westminster, my colleagues and I take a rather dim view of that leak – a publicity stunt in rather poor taste is our considered opinion. After all, we argue, you could have read about the whole row in our copy (I mean, our *collective* copy), and very little was added to the sum of human knowledge by actually quoting from cabinet papers. It's so bloody amateurish, we say, gritting our collective teeth. If *we* had been shown the papers in question, it would never have occurred to us to quote from them. We would have written the story up, yes, but we would have written it up in that certain way we have, incorporating a few it-is-thought-thats and informed-sources-are-of-the-opinions, and giving a generous allowance that the story just might not be true. This is the way we work. We are discreet. We would not have quoted from the documents because, if we did not do so, there might be more where those came from. And we wouldn't quote from those either for the same reason.

And so we have come to the conclusion, an ungenerous conclusion you may think, that whoever leaked the papers did so because he or she *wanted to create a stink*. Had the source dealt through us, the source would have been protected. Since the source went behind our backs, the source is fair game. And so we have been exceedingly keen to find out who the source is. On Tuesday night, indeed, I found myself being grilled on this point. Sources at the very top of the DHSS, I was told, had it on the very best authority that 'the leaker was going to streak in this week's NEW STATESMAN'. Alas, I was unable to oblige with the name, but, even if I had been in such a position, I am not the man to squeal on a streaking leaker. I do however possess a draft of Sir Douglas Allen's report, which I shall print verbatim.

The report, headed 'Very Secret, Not to be Leaked At all Costs, For God's Sake', is typed on both sides of a small sheet of Basildon Bond Azure Wove, by an Olivetti portable with a jumping 'e'.

> Dear Prime Minister, [the report reads] This is the third time in your brief spell in office that you have asked for an investigation of a leak, and I must say I don't like it. I don't like it at all. These things only create an atmosphere of suspicion and recrimination, and undermine the happy workings of the civil service, whom I like to treat as one big happy family. Of course every family has its black sheep, but I believe in live and let live.
>
> The article in *New Society* was anonymous, but I have read in the 'papers that it was written by a rather excitable young man called Frank Field, who has given us a lot of trouble in the past. Indeed you yourself may remember that he produced a report on poverty at the time of the 1970 election, and that this report was widely considered to be very damaging to Labour's interests. I'm even told that he was seen celebrating with the Tories on election night, and has just produced a pamphlet saying that we don't need council houses. Why he should have written anonymously and then told all the 'papers that he was the author of the thing I just don't know, but he clearly expects a lot of trouble. I'm also told that he'd quite like a Labour seat. I just can't make the man out.
>
> As for the question you asked me to investigate, I'm afraid I haven't the foggiest notion who gave the material to Mr Field. My first suspicion, I must say, fell on Mrs Castle, whom you may remember having sacked. But, in order to explain that, you would have to construct a 'two-stage' theory – x gave it to y, y gave to it to z. It's no use looking for motives, since there are so many. For instance, David Ennals comes out of the story as having put up a rather manly defence of his brief, whereas I gather that he had previously been considered something of a spineless weed. Since you yourself came out of the story as a bit of a double-dealing old so-and-so, I spent a long time working on the theory that the papers were leaked by one of your enemies.
>
> That rules out Mr Benn, 'for starters', as they say. But it does leave the field fairly wide open. It's a long shot, I know, but have you considered that there is one person in your cabinet whose career, once so promising, has been ruined simply as a result of your accession to power, a man whose dearest desire was to achieve a place in the history books, a man whose placid exterior conceals emotions and ambitions which could easily have festered to the point where he was prepared to 'do the dirty'? A disappointed man, Prime Minister, and a dangerous one, a man poised on the edge of oblivion . . .

At this point, the paper appears to have slipped out of the typewriter. Sir Douglas's suggestion, curious as it may seem, happens to bring me neatly to a point I had wanted to make.

Next month, Roy Jenkins will be appointed to his EEC job, and though he will not take up office till next year it is expected that he will resign sooner rather than later. Whether he will remain as a back-bencher, or make way for an ambitious former leader of Birmingham District Council by name of Clive Wilkinson, remains to be seen, but the point is, there is going to have to be a reshuffle. This is not going to be a big reshuffle (it's not the one that Downing Street more or less announced at the time of the last reshuffle, in which Crosland and Healey swop places – that's still on the list of forthcoming attractions) and indeed it could be made with three new appointments. The *Daily Telegraph*'s Peterborough column has mischievously suggested that the Prime Minister is 'steeling himself' to appoint Reg Prentice to the Home Office, on the grounds that he could then go to the electorate unencumbered with the aspersion that he is controlled by his Left wing. But nobody in his right mind ever thought such a thing of Jim.

We may assume then that the manager of the Callaghan campaign, Merlyn Rees, gets the job. Indeed Rees was talking to a colleague in rather those terms a couple of weeks ago. Callaghan has also made it clear that he considers Roy Hattersley one of the strongest chaps outside the cabinet, and, although there is no question that this has been signed and sealed, it would be very nice, wouldn't it? to send the mad Hatters to Northern Ireland in September, at the time of the publication of his latest book, *Goodbye to Yorkshire*. And then somebody we have never heard of could have his Foreign Office job, and the Government would look a little more of a Callaghan creation.

Those are the immediate consequences of the departure of Jenkins. But what of the long term? There are, after all, 56-odd ardent Jenkinsites, his praetorian guard, who will then be without a leader. They are in a fairly dejected mood. As one told me this week, the departure of Jenkins is seen as the prelude to the eventual collapse of the Right. Callaghan will keep up the juggling act for a while, but in the end the Marxists will take over. Already some of the Jenkinsites are talking of giving up altogether. David Marquand is said to be turning his eyes towards LSE, and my informant expected to fight one more election and then get out. Under these circumstances, the time is ripe for an ambitious and long-sighted – I mean far-sighted – politician to come in and take the pickings. The 60 men, under Jenkins, proved to be a finite, isolated group. But under a new leader? They might well prove to be a handy little bunch. Get in there quickly, Tony Crosland.

For indeed, whatever the Jenkinsites think, and whatever Jenkins himself thinks, it is hard to imagine a future Labour Party in which the Right is routed. The Left possess very few of the commanding heights. In an economic crisis such as the present, they do not win; they are forced to make further concessions. Take child benefits. Many of the Left are perfectly prepared to concede that the time is not ripe. They are prepared to let the matter rest. And if Jenkins, on the night of the first leadership ballot, had resisted the temptation to quote from General Lee, had got on the phone to Callaghan and said: 'Jim, I am thinking of withdrawing' he might easily have struck a deal. He might not now be bowing out.

NEW STATESMAN
Vol 91 No 2362
Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ Tel: 01-405 8471
© 1976
The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Annual Subscription Rates

By surface mail	UK £12.50 Overseas £14 USA $30
By air mail	Europe £17.50 Middle East £19 Africa, India £20 USA, Canada $40 Australia, NZ, Far East £21

For details of student rates write to the Subscriptions Supervisor at the above address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Donald Woods

Dress Rehearsal in South Africa

Soweto, the centre of last week's South African outburst of violence, is not a word from any of the Nguni languages of the subcontinent. It is made up of the first two letters of each of the words 'South Western Townships' – and that fact sums up much of the reason for the riots. Conceived by whites, planned by whites and named by whites as the urban dormitory of a million blacks who serve Johannesburg's industrial and mining economy, Soweto has long been a predictable flashpoint for violent resentment against the apartheid system.

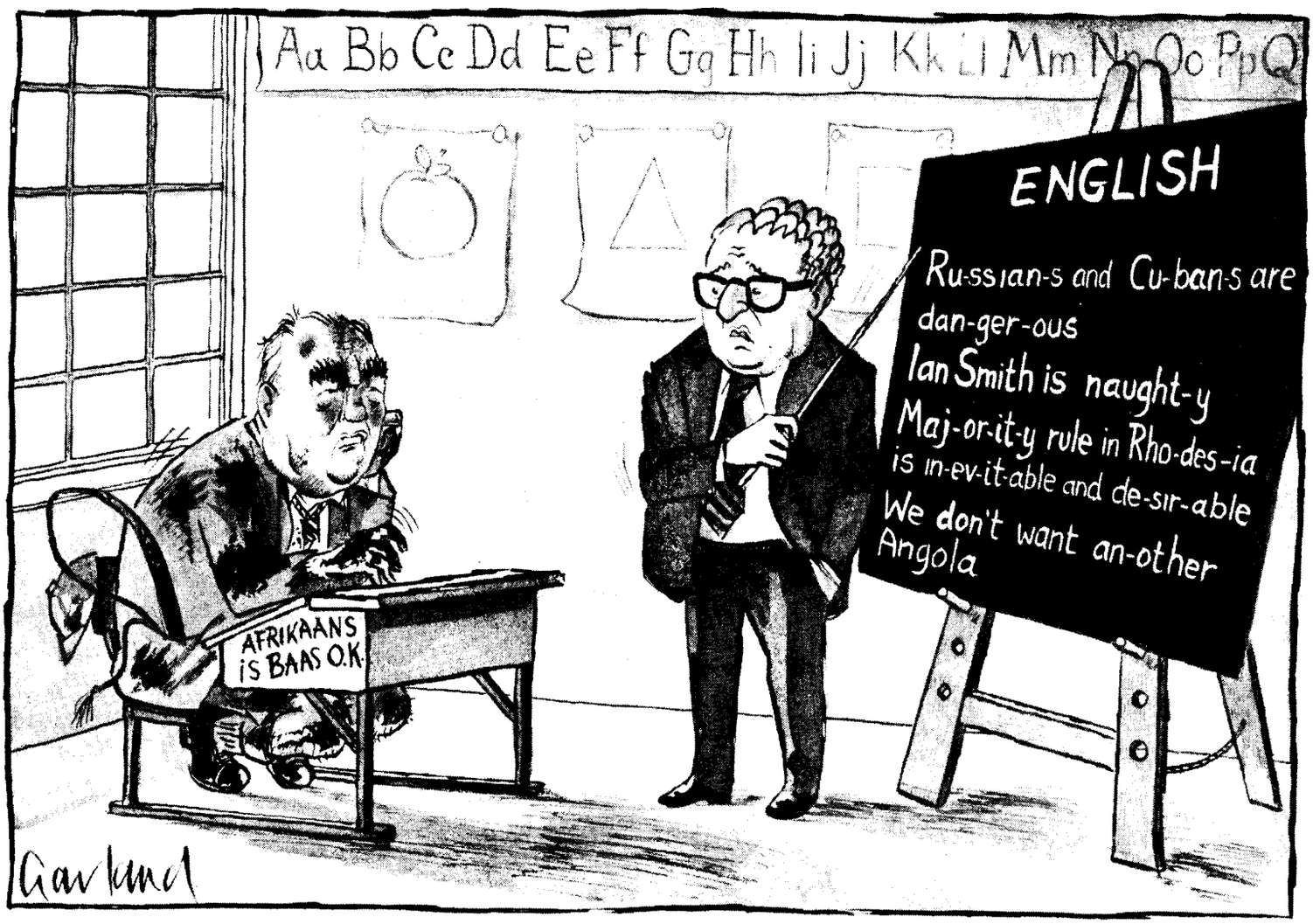
All the ingredients for such an explosion were there – population concentration, wage discontent, daily frustration with the system, together with articulate leadership. All it needed was tinder, and the tinder was the edict that the Afrikaans language should be the medium of instruction in a certain percentage of school subjects for blacks. Most blacks regard Afrikaans as the language of the oppressor; surveys, indeed, indicate that blacks are considerably more hostile toward Afrikaners than to English-speaking whites. In the predominantly Nguni culture of Southern Africa (Xhosa, Zulu, Swazi) the blacks call Afrikaners 'Ama Bhulu' (the Boers) and identify the apartheid legislation of the Nationalist Government more with them than with the 'Ama Ngesi' (the English). Furthermore, black readership of the anti-apartheid English-language press is high.

For several weeks, as examination time drew near, Soweto schoolchildren showed increasing resentment and at several big schools they came out on strike against the Afrikaans edict. Then last week this resentment boiled over. Probably spurred on by more militant adults, they went on the rampage and a full-scale riot erupted with all the characteristics of the South African black-riot pattern. All symbols of white authority and white influence were stoned or fired – official offices, beer-halls, cars and buses. As usual, the nearest whites were turned on and attacked – teachers and social workers.

What started, then, as an anti-Afrikaans flare-up soon developed into an anti-white flare-up. But this time the first response of the white police, with touchy memories of Sharpeville still fresh in the official mind, was restrained. Under orders to avoid using firearms, unless personally threatened, they relied mostly on tear-gas and a policy of containment rather than confrontation. In Sharpeville days they would have gone in to mop things up as soon as possible. This time, initially at least, they tended to give the rioters scope to do their thing within the township limits. And this time, where possible, there was heavy reliance on black policemen.

On the second day the rioting spread through several other townships on the Reef, and to parts of Natal; and for the first time the Nationalist Government appeared to start reacting to more than a local demo – with the minister of justice, J. T. Kruger, invoking the Riotous Assemblies Act, which bans all outdoor gatherings other than for sport. Probably aimed initially at white students of Witwatersrand University, who marched the streets of Johannesburg in sympathy with the Soweto rioters, this proclamation is going to take some enforcing even in the areas where the police have now re-established their authority.

One theory swiftly shattered by the riots was the Nationalist theory that black political aspirations are adequately accommodated within the policy of 'Ethnic Homelands'. Indeed, the riots were in many respects a dramatic rejection of the entire theory, a rejection given added force by the way in which three 'Homelands' leaders who broadcast an appeal to the rioters to disperse



'Now after me, Balthazar . . .'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were totally ignored by the young blacks.

The riots also indicated the folly of the Nationalist strategy over the last decade of banning or detaining every radical black leader who appeared to be gaining a following. This strategy did not succeed, as the Nationalists had hoped it would, in killing off militant organisations against apartheid and channelling black politics into the Homelands framework. Instead, it forced the hydra-headed surviving leadership underground or into such low profiles that not even the Special Branch knew who the real leaders of the people were any more. And when the Soweto violence spread, and the Government clearly wanted to negotiate an end to it, there was no one to talk to. You can't sit around a table with a raging mob.

There is as yet no evidence that such a common wavelength is in prospect of being established, at least to judge by the initial reactions of Premier Vorster. His first statement of comment on the riots took a traditional Nationalist tack by inclining heavily to the conspiracy theory. The riots were contrived and timed to coincide with his meeting with Kissinger he said.

Backing up this theory stoutly this week has been Justice Minister Kruger, who appears to be blaming everybody but the National Party for the flare-up. In Parliament on Tuesday he attacked the Progressive Reform Party for allegedly blaming Afrikaners for what he called 'poor social conditions' in the country. The Progressives deny any such particularisation of blame, saying the blame lies squarely at the door of Nationalist Government. It has, they argue, exploited Afrikaner chauvinism so excessively for nearly 30 years that, if blacks have a particular resentment of Afrikaners, that is the fault of Mr Kruger and his colleagues themselves.

Government comments so far also indicate that they persist with the belief that most blacks are content with the government-recognised black leaders and the 'Homelands' framework. If so, the Nationalists are the only group in South Africa who still cling to this belief. It was dented further this week with new outbreaks of rioting in the Pretoria area.

Last October I travelled from East London to Pretoria and suggested to two prominent members of the Government – both at cabinet level – that they lift restrictions on one of the foremost black radical leaders, 29-year-old Steven Biko. I did this as much for their own sakes as for his, because it was already clear they would have no real leaders to negotiate with if violence ever should erupt. My visit was fruitless, and not long afterwards the restrictions on Biko were actually increased. As a result of this ultra-tough policy the Government now has an ultra-tough problem – with whom can it come to terms when flare-ups like this occur?

It is no longer the struggle between extreme Nationalists and so-called moderate Nationalists. It is no longer the struggle between Nationalists and anti-Nationalists – nor even, in terms of the broader canvas, between white and black. It is now between black moderates and black radicals. This is the real clash going on under the noses of South Africa's whites. The moderate and conservative blacks, led by Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, are trying desperately to hold on to a massive constituency that is slipping away – black youth in the big cities. These are turning increasingly to the radicals, who regard Buthelezi and other 'Homelands' leaders as 'sell-outs' because they use the 'Homelands' platform (even though they attack apartheid from it).

The mood of young black South Africa is, therefore, moving towards the Left. These young blacks cheered on the MPLA in Angola and were openly gleeful at the collapse of UNITA and the FNLA. They are adopting an increasingly hard line – especially against blacks who collaborate with the apartheid system – and they probably had more than a slight influence on the conversion of the Soweto schoolboy demo into the conflagration it became. Their viewpoint was expressed to me this week as follows:

> Look, Whitey won't allow us to talk to him except on his terms. We can't even contest a parliamentary seat against Whitey – we can't sit in the same parliament. If we disagree openly with what is done to us we are banned or banished or detained. We can't even disagree with Whitey in our own terms – only in his terms, on his ground, under his system. Whitey is forcing us to fight.

Yet violence would not be their first choice. In fact leaders of the Black People's Convention, and of black consciousness groups such as the South African Students' Organisation, regularly speak up against violence as an instrument of policy. Indeed there is not a single black political group in South Africa that openly advocates violence or anti-white revenge. What they feel, though, is something else.

Perhaps the real key to the Soweto outbreak was the perplexed statement of a white government official after the first day's rioting. The chairman of the West Rand Bantu Administration Board, Mr Manie Mulder, appeared on television to comment with furrowed brow on the destruction of clinics and beer-halls: 'Why do they destroy things put there for their own benefit?'

Clearly Mr Mulder has missed the point. And, equally, many Nationalist Afrikaners feel that blacks have missed the point of all the material benefits conferred on them in lieu of common civil rights – and in the expectation that their aspirations, like their racially-defined residential areas, should exist only in terms of a formula of separation. There is a saying in Afrikaans, *'Hulle praat mekaar verby'* – 'they are talking past each other'. It is part of the special tragedy of South Africa that even at the height of a severe riot, the two sides continue to 'talk past each other'.

East London

Christopher Hitchens

Stalemate, Italian Style

A few weeks ago the blood of San Gennaro failed to liquefy: this low-grade piece of Neopolitan black magic, celebrated annually by the pious, has long been a sort of reserve miracle for the Christian democrats because its failure to occur is taken as a portent of some danger for the faithful, and a warning to eschew evil. During the revolution of 1799 in Naples the Napoleonic officers who came to the defence of the poor were advised by the clergy that the blood was unlikely to liquefy as long as their republic persisted in power. Young General Championnet led the prelate to the shrine, put a sword to his throat and told him if the blood did not liquefy in five minutes he would dispatch him to the Kingdom of Heaven. The blood liquefied on the instant.

Alexander Dumas, who recounts this story in his book on Naples, could hardly have devised the latest round of secular insurance taken out by Christian Democracy. Their open bid for fascist votes (which they picked up to a certain extent) was only the crudest. But, more decisively, nobody in the Communist Party was able to summon the audacity which inspired Championnet. After all the acres of forest which have been ripped down and pulped in an effort to theorise the PCI and its alleged 'moderation', it may seem wasteful to point out the obvious. But the net effect of so many denials of subversive intent has been a widespread feeling that the party protests too much. Its record and programme were swamped in a great oily tide of disclaimers, many if not most of them specious. By the time the Italians are called to vote again, the situation in Yugoslavia will have deteriorated further, Italy will be threatened with acquiring the status of a frontier country, and Soviet interference in the Tito succession will force the Communists to become even more strident about having no connection with the business across the road. None of which will sound any more convincing to the undecided voter than it does now.

Those who expected the air to be black with the falling bodies of stockbrokers would have been disappointed in any case – most of them voted Communist in the hope of containing labour unrest. There are some fat grins to be seen on the faces of the well-to-do, but in general the bond owners and pew-holders are just as worried as they were a week ago. Italy will be as ungovernable as before, a situation that was underlined yet again on election night when the results computer suffered an attack of cretinism and left the entire business to the same sort of speculation as had dominated the media in the campaign itself. It was, in any case, a relief to most Italians no longer to have to confront the frightful reality that their society is polarised. Even the news bulletins are under partisan direction and sometimes do not even agree on the weather forecast. The smaller parties were ground down by several points (though the extreme Left Democratic Proletarians did

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acquire a senator) and if the Communist Party were not so scared of giving the wrong impression by quoting Marx and Engels they might have made use of that line in the Communist Manifesto which speaks of society splitting up more and more into two great hostile camps.

Don Camillo would call it a deliverance. Signor Berlinguer (known in his younger days as Iron Bottom because of his astounding tolerance for boring meetings) will have to think of a better explanation than that. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that the Italian public, faced with a choice between the spiritual heirs of St Peter and the temporal inheritors of Joseph Stalin, voted deliberately to keep them in a state of isostasy. The balance of terror has its political counterpart and, astounding as it may seem, many people are quite happy to live without strong government in Italy. If there is a '*conscience collective*' here, that seems to be its subliminal expression. And since both parties auction up their attachment to Nato, the Common Market, the Church and the struggling small producer, there is not much call for tactical voting – a point missed by Mervyn Jones in his excellent article in last week's NS.

So the republic will lumber on. The rich will continue to avoid taxes, the cities will continue to rot and crash despite the vaunted municipal reformism of the PCI. The poor will, of course, stay poor. In what is still the best account of an Italian political campaign (*Letters from inside the Italian Communist Party*, by Maria Antonietta Macciocchi, New Left Books £3.50) the author tells how one day she addressed a meeting of impoverished day labourers.

They asked her to remain behind for a general discussion and, thirsty for education, kept her talking for some hours. Strong opinions were expressed about the grinding exploitation they suffered, and the cautiousness of their political leadership. Finally, one of them asked a shy and completely baffling question. 'For how much longer' he inquired, 'will we have to clap our hands?' It was then explained to the mystified candidate that the palms of an agricultural labourer's hands become covered in a layer of callouses. Clapping them together generates a sound not unlike a pistol shot. For this handy reason, the comrades were bussed around to party rallies, stationed near the platform and instructed to generate what Moscow congresses used to record as 'prolonged and stormy applause'. They were sick to death of it, and Signora Macciocchi did not know quite how to advise them.

In this year of grace, when the blood of San Gennaro has failed to liquefy and the Communist vote has failed to congeal, it looks as if the poor will have to go on clapping for a good while yet.

Milan

Corinna Adam

The Nice People's Campaign

The supporters of electoral reform are, with a few notable exceptions, so very nice and well-meaning and sensible and intelligent that it seems churlish to question them. It might, one feels, even be *wrong* in some obscure way. But during the next year or so at least we are going to be bombarded (or if they run out of money, shelled, anyway) by their arguments. It is as well to be prepared.

The first move in the bombardment has been the announcement (made with some panache in this Thursday's *Times* and *Guardian*) that a National Committee for Electoral Reform had been created. From its chairman (Lord Harlech, whose last comparable job was running the European Movement) down, the committee is composed of people with all the qualities listed above. They want everyone who is dissatisfied with the present electoral system to enlist, preferably sending money. They are more than amiable; they are powerful – and so are their arguments.

After the 1974 elections, towards the end of the year, a dozen or so MPs began to meet regularly to discuss their generally frustrated feelings about the Government, and the system whereby it could achieve and retain power without reference to the minority interests which they (the MPs) felt they represented. The MPs included David Steel, of Scotland and the Liberals; Anthony Kershaw, of the RAF and Stroud; Brian Walden, of West Bromwich Albion and Birmingham Ladywood; and others. At the same time, comparable meetings were taking place between the various electoral reform groups of the three major parties. They met often, too, and were equally fed up. Out of this – largely, it seems, thanks to mediation by the personable Richard Holme, editor of *Psychology Today* – the plan for a grand national campaign emerged.

As in all such campaigns, the next move was to shop around for suitable supporters. Harlech was the draw – a magnet pulling others along. Today committed supporters include not just the MPs mentioned, but John Mackintosh and Richard Wood; several good Lords – Carr, Houghton, Plowden; and distinguished 'non-political' persons like Professor Sam Finer and Katharine Whitehorn of the *Observer*. (A shrewd move, that, ensuring that the campaign literature will be witty and readable.) After which, the next move is to preach the gospel – to have speakers on hand for any occasion from the smallest Women's Institute meeting to the accolade of *Any Questions?* – on which, by my reckoning, all the top people in the committee have appeared. Beyond that are the tempting quicksands of opinion polls, which presumably underlie many of the campaign's arguments: in the brief to committee members for Tuesday's press conference, much was made of the fact that both Marplan and Opinion Research Centre found last September that a majority thought the present electoral system 'unfair'.

There is something deeply English about the use of the words 'fair' and 'unfair' throughout the campaign: a kind of embedded inability to accept that life isn't, that there is no instant solution round the corner. Yet however much one may decry the campaign, the fact remains that there was no majority to be found anywhere for the old-fashioned 'first past the post' system: this cannot help but be impressive. So one comes to the reality of the alternatives offered by the campaign, and their chances of success. It boils down to two choices. One is some kind of single transferable vote (STV); the other, a version of the Hansard Commission's recommendations, delivered by Lord Blake two weeks ago. It is known as the Blake solution because nobody else thought of it, and consists of an uneasy transplant of the West German 'list' system. Under it, 480 MPs would be directly elected much as they are now, and a further 160 voted for on a 'regional' basis. There have been suggestions, in this paper and elsewhere, that the 160 might become second-class MPs, since whatever safeguards are erected against the power of central party machines (such as having stood for a constituency within the 'region') the MPs would be *ipso facto* failures.

But parliamentarians, including some MPs who have succeeded under the present system, and former MPs who have been turned into Lords, favour this as opposed to STV. 'It's quite simple,' said one of the more articulate supporters of the campaign this week. 'The reason they always give is "loss of personal contact with the voters". It's the stock argument of anyone with a marginal seat, and it always has been. I'm in favour of the Blake system myself,' he said, 'but I'm against the hypocrisy. Blake just happens to be the easiest way out.'

There are of course those who think that there is no fire, and therefore no need to look for the nearest, easiest exit. But it does not take enormous *nous* to realise that the Committee for Electoral Reform has seized the time. One may accuse them of falsely 'apolitical' attitudinising; of self-interest or self-importance; of being a mere limb of the body of the Great and the Good. But one cannot, now, ignore their claim to a hearing.

Over and over again, they emphasise that their immediate interest is in elections to other assemblies than at Westminster – to Edinburgh, to Cardiff, to Stormont perhaps. Certainly, to Strasbourg. Therein lies their immediacy, because at the very least the last of these is inevitable. This gives the reformers a strength always hitherto denied – denied to the last Speaker's conference of 1968 (when nobody cared) and to the classic

NEXT WEEK

Norman MacKenzie:
The Once and Future Fabians

Stephen Spender
on the Auden Generation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conference of 1917 (which Lloyd George neatly by-passed with the 'khaki election'). It gives them a propaganda point which may prove invaluable. 'It would seem odd, wouldn't it, if we were the only nation which did not have PR?' said someone at the press conference, meaningfully.

This kind of threat gives the movement its present impetus. For the first time, it has ceased to be a gentle cause beloved of nut-cases, and become formidable. 'What do you think,' said John Mackintosh, who straddles two political stools as his Berwick constituency straddles two nations, 'of the prospect of a European parliament in which all the Scottish representation was Scot Nat?' – because, according to Mackintosh, this is what direct elections under the present system must lead to. Insidiously charming arguments are advanced to the effect that whatever system of PR were adopted, it would be to Labour's advantage. (I noticed no such arguments on behalf of the Tory Party, which seems to be regarded as a lost cause.)

It is a good tactic, sometimes known as standing the bogey on its head. We are not encouraged to have PR so much as threatened with the dire results of refusing it. But in all the discussion, one theme seems to have been lost. The implication throughout is that you can have your cake and eat it; you can actually get reforms by consent. But the history of British politics shows that you can't. It is, after all, a history of a two-party doctrinal conflict. That seems to be something the nice reformers didn't take into account.

Jane Hewland

All Aboard the Airbus?

While the row about nationalising the aircraft industry has thrown Parliament into a turmoil, another debate that will probably have a far more profound effect on the future of planemaking in this country has been slipping by virtually unnoticed. The discerning reader of the quality press may have noted, tucked away at the bottom of the business pages, a running story about the European airbus. As the months have gone by, he will have gathered that the airbus is a plane built by a European consortium led by the French and the Germans. He will have noted that that consortium is planning to build a new generation of planes, and that the British Government and the British aircraft industry – and apparently most of the aviation correspondents as well – want Britain to join in that enterprise. More recently he will have read of negotiations, talk of entry fees, development costs and imminent decisions. And in a few months no doubt he will read a formal announcement of our Government's decision to make Britain a partner in Airbus Industries. But no one has yet asked whether this is a good thing or whether the £200m. we may have to pay for that partnership may not just be more money down the drain on planes that no one wants to buy.

The background to the airbus story is, briefly, this. Over the past few months, the world's biggest aircraft manufacturers and airlines have been making the opening moves in the elaborate ritual of bargaining and counter-bargaining that will determine the shape of the new generation of aircraft we will be flying in the 1980s. The winners in this game will be the planemakers who manage to juggle cost, design and timing successfully to come up with exactly the right planes at the moment the airlines are ready to buy.

By far the most lucrative area of this new market will be the short-to-medium-haul planes of the kind that travel around Europe or from state to state across America. For many of the planes doing this job now – Boeing 707s and 727s, Caravelles and Tridents – are nearing the end of their lives and will have to be replaced over the next ten years or so. With 4,000 such planes currently in operation, it is obvious that whoever comes up with the right replacement stands to make an enormous amount of money.

The British aircraft industry would dearly love a share in the rich pickings this market offers. But with the cost of developing and building new planes now so enormous, British manufacturers no longer feel they can launch a new aircraft on their own. Instead they are looking for a foreign partner with a project they can join in. And that's where the airbus comes in. The French and German companies who make the airbus have come up with a design for a new short-to-medium-haul plane that could be the very thing to fill the gap those ageing Boeings and Caravelles will leave behind them. The new plane would be a scaled-down version of the existing airbus now in service with Air France and Lufthansa. Its designers refer to it as the B10 and are quick to recite the long list of its virtues. It will be quick and cheap to build, since it is the derivative of an existing plane. It has the popular new wide-bodied shape. And, with only two engines, it will be cheaper and quieter to run – a big plus when fuel costs are so high and the environmental lobby so strong.

Moreover, the B10 project means more to Airbus Industries and to the British aircraft industry than just the chance to build a commercially successful plane. They see it as offering the chance to build an integrated European aircraft industry that might at last rival the American giants like Boeing who have dominated aircraft manufacture since the war.

The British Government, in the form of the Organising Committee who will take control of the aircraft industry when it is nationalised, were already putting out feelers to Airbus Industries about participating in the project when something happened to panic them into action. The French company, Aerospatiale, one of the senior partners in the airbus project, suddenly announced they were having talks with the American company Boeing about collaboration between the French and the Americans on a new small plane, perhaps the B10 or perhaps an American alternative. If the Americans came in on such a project, then the British could be squeezed out. For the bits of the plane the Americans would want to supply would be the wings – which the British firm Hawker Siddeley now make under contract for the present airbus – and the engines, which Rolls-Royce would hope to supply. And so there have been hasty trips to Toulouse by Gerald Kaufman, the minister responsible, and by Lord Beswick, chairman-designate of the industry, to try to forestall a French-American deal and interest the French in British participation instead.

So far the French have been taking a tough line – perhaps to get their own back for Britain's backing out of the original airbus project eight years ago. They say they're interested in a deal with the British. But the Government must make up its mind by the end of the year at the latest. And we'll have to pay an entry fee that will not only cover the cost of developing the new plane but contribute retrospectively to the development and production costs of the existing airbus. No definite figure has been agreed, but the French have mentioned £200m. and it could be even more if major changes to the design of the new plane are needed.

Yet so keen are the Government to get in on the project and so panicked are they by the Americans' interest, that no one has stopped to question the terms of the deal or to ask if Britain will get value for money. And there are two grounds on which the deal should be questioned. First, can we be sure the new plane really is the winner everyone says it is? Nowadays to break even on a new aircraft a company needs to sell between 350 and 400 planes. To do this with the new airbus B10, Airbus Industries will have to break into the American market on a big scale. For the Americans own and operate well over half

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the world's short and medium-haul planes.

Already there is a powerful American rival in the market. Boeing have their own design for a short-medium-haul plane and they've let it be understood that if the French aren't interested in collaborating on this project, they'll look elsewhere for a partner or, if necessary, build the new plane on their own. In the end, the American airlines will resolve the competition by deciding whether they want a two- or a three-engined plane. If they decide it makes better economic sense to save fuel with a two-engined aircraft, then the B10 could be the plane they choose. But if they decide that it's flexibility they want then they'll order a three-engined plane they can put on inter-continental runs as well as the shorter interstate routes. In that case Boeing's three-engine design will probably scoop the pool and the B10 could lose out completely. Since the American airlines have a strong traditional preference for American planes (neither United Airlines nor TWA – the two largest airlines – has a single non-American plane in it's fleet), they are much more likely to be persuaded by Boeing's case. So surely the least Britain can do is to sound out the American airlines and wait for some clear indication that they are interested in the B10 before we commit ourselves to joining Airbus Industries.

The second worrying thing about Britain joining Airbus is the money we're now being asked to part with, not just to develop the new plane but to pay for the production of the existing airbus, the A300. This is the aircraft that Airbus Industries was actually forced to build eight years ago. It has been in service two years now and Airbus officials are still bravely claiming that the plane is a potential moneyspinner. But it's hard to see how it will ever break even.

So far Airbus have sold only 34 of the 350 planes they need to break even on the A300, with 23 more on option. And half those orders and options come from the French and German airlines, Air France and Lufthansa, who weren't exactly free to choose how to spend their money. Not one of the American airlines has bought an A300 and when I checked again last week with the big four – United, TWA, Eastern Airlines and American – none had any intention of ordering any new aircraft at all for the next few years and certainly none seemed interested in the A300. They criticised its lack of range and spoke of it as a plane of the past. Our own British Airways, the biggest non-American airline, seem to have no use for the A300 either. They, too, find fault with its lack of range and in any case they are still taking delivery of Lockheed TriStars which they say will more than fulfil their requirements for the next few years.

So it sounds as if the British taxpayer could find himself parting with a not inconsiderable sum of money to finance two planes, one of which few airlines seem to want and the other with a sales potential – or lack of it – that no one has bothered to determine. But if there are these doubts about the airbus, then what planes can the British aircraft industry build? A very few voices within the industry are suggesting that the whole idea of collaboration with Europe to challenge America could be a misguided and dangerous piece of Euro-chauvinism. If the American manufacturers make the best planes and have the biggest market, then why not approach companies like Boeing instead for partnership? They admit they may be wrong and that the B10 may turn out to be just the plane everybody, including the Americans, wants. But they maintain the odds are long and argue that if collaboration is the only way Britain is going to build civil aircraft in the future, then we should at least shop around rather than let ourselves be panicked into a decision that, like so many other decisions we've made about aircraft, we could live to regret.

John Hatch

Chill Wind in Jamaica

The state of emergency declared in Jamaica last week-end is open to two interpretations. The Jamaica Labour Party alleges that the violence which occasioned it has been instigated by Michael Manley's government (People's National Party) in order to allow it to use emergency powers to avoid the general election due within nine months. Manley and his PNP are convinced that sections of the JLP are deliberately organising violence because they believe that they are bound to lose the election. The Government therefore claims that the security forces must be given emergency powers to unearth the roots of violence so that a free election may be held. Time will tell which interpretation is justified; it may be significant that members of both parties have been detained under the emergency regulations.

When Manley's father, Norman, founder of the PNP, and Alexander Bustamente, founder of the Jamaica Labour Party, were rivals for political and trade union power they always talked the same language. Their two unions and political parties might compete with each other, but the two men had worked together against colonial rule and to improve working-class standards. Despite Bustamente's opportunist tactics against West Indian Federation which gained him power in Jamaica in 1952, that understanding remained. It continued through the reigns of his successors, Sangster and Shearer. Michael Manley's victory in 1972 did not destroy it, for Hugh Shearer and he had also been rivals who sought the same broad aims, at least in the industrial field.

Today the situation has totally changed. Once it became apparent that the new Prime Minister and his government were determined on fundamental change, the Jamaican commercial-financial establishment, the wealthy oligarchy, recognised that its power was being directly challenged. It could tolerate, even at times encourage, Jamaican nationalism; it would fight serious social change, if necessary to the death – and at least 100 Jamaicans have died violently this year. The good-natured bon vivant Hugh Shearer was replaced by his former Finance Minister, Edward Seaga, as leader of the Opposition Jamaica Labour Party. Seaga had a reputation for uninhibited toughness, gained in his electoral battle in Western Kingston in 1966-7, for organisation and for economic dialectic. His mandate was to defeat Manley and the PNP, whatever the cost.

Manley has taken up the torch his father bequeathed him; he is a declared democratic socialist, dedicated to changing Jamaican society and leading it towards social justice. Seaga represents the Chamber of Commerce attitude, openly committed to leaving the 'modern' sector of the economy to the employers, confining government activity to the 'traditional', rural communities. The contrast between the two men is reflected in their parties; it has created a gulf between Government and Opposition unprecedented in Jamaican life.

Why, then, given the customary niceties Jamaican politicians have inherited from their British tutelage, together with a traditional common understanding between the parties, have such political hostilities broken out? Is Manley really determined to alter fundamentally the social relations of a society accustomed to living with a deep chasm between the poor 90 per cent and the affluent 10 per cent? Can a small Third World nation of only 2 million inhabitants, dependent on its export of bauxite, sugar, bananas and the proceeds of tourism to pay for imports of oil, raw materials, machines, build a genuinely socialist society? With Cuba only 90 miles away, and the Americans convinced that the Caribbean must remain their own lake, will Jamaicans be allowed the liberty even to try to achieve such an objective?

The basic element is land. Although about half the inhabitants of the island officially live in urban areas, many of these are villages rather than towns. As in Africa, the extended-family system ensures that most Jamaicans retain some rural roots which are socially, if not economically, important to them. In any case, if local food production is to be increased and dependence on imports reduced, land distribution and utilisation are crucial factors. Jamaica was left at independence with a typical colonial land structure. About 45 per cent of the country was controlled by a handful of landowners, with estates averaging 2,240 acres. More than 50,000 small farmers scratched a living on farms of under an acre, usually on stony hillsides. The JLP government from 1962 to 1972 promised a land settlement scheme, but it settled only about 7,000 new farmers, often on poor quality land, with little credit offered.

Since 1972 Manley's PNP government has tried a variety of land schemes. Government food farms, under the direction of the Ministry of Food, were set up to try to increase production. 'Operation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grow', which later merged into Land Lease, aimed to provide arable land where new tenant farmers could be settled. Sugar co-operatives were designed to induce worker participation into this branch of the industry. After President Nyerere's visit in 1974 a new kind of farm was named after him. Under this scheme each farmer was allocated five acres, with production and marketing based on cooperative principles.

Like most socialist efforts in Third World countries these schemes have suffered from inefficiency and maladministration. The food farms have largely failed to serve their purpose or to repay their costs. The Agricultural Marketing Corporation, on which has depended much of the food distribution, has lost a great deal from spoliage and wastage. The Nyerere farm has been beset by social problems and still comprises only 250 families. Nevertheless, serious land redistribution has begun. According to the latest figures, under Land Lease 21,354 farmers have been placed on 39,888 acres of arable land; when reaping is completed it is estimated that the crops will be worth about 20 million Jamaican dollars.

On the commerical-industrial front policy has not been as radical. The Government has taken into public ownership certain utilities like the bus company, the telephones, the public service company. It has entered the textile industry, shipping, cement production. But bauxite is the crux. Manley has not yet gone as far as Burnham in Guyana in using nationalisation; he has however brought under national ownership and control all bauxite lands and taken certain powers over bauxite reserves, mining operations and plants. He has also entered into agreements with Mexico and Venezuela to build smelters. Above all, he has imposed a bauxite levy which provides the Government with crucial funds from the mining of the mineral. It is this levy, with the expectation of nationalisation, plus the attempt to form a bauxite cartel similar to Opec, that has provoked the wrath of the Americans.

However, the PNP has clearly stated that, while a democratic socialist party, it still believes in a mixed economy. It has shown itself sympathetic to small businessmen by allocating specially favourable loans for them, particularly for those who use labour intensive methods. But it is in its social policies that Manley's Administration has done most to begin to change Jamaican society. The Government has accepted responsibility for creating new jobs, rapidly increasing school places, attacking adult illiteracy, providing supplementary food for the needy, fixing a minimum wage, building houses, training health aides. This is a costly programme. Capital expenditure has about trebled over the past three years; this year's Budget has passed the J$1,000m. mark for the first time; much of the bauxite levy, intended for capital development, has had to be used for recurrent expenditure; world inflation and recession, added to reduced foreign investment, have exhausted foreign reserves.

Yet Manley's government, faced by lack of funds, has refused to sacrifice its social reforms. It has raised taxes, proposed guidelines for wages and prices, imposed import controls, increased its borrowing, including recent intra-Caribbean loans from Trinidad, Barbados and Guyana.But the Opposition, and the commercial class it largely represents, is determined to bring down the Government before such reforms become too popular with the mass of the people. Sections of it are able to undermine government policy by withholding investment, reducing production. And some factions within the trade union movement have helped them by calling irresponsible strikes. Political violence has swept through areas of Kingston over the past six months. There are accusations of CIA involvement with the Opposition, of Jamaican expatriates in the US and Canada financing anti-government activities.

Manley and his PNP are under fire but the attacks have reunited most of the party, for the next election – when, eventually, it is held – is now recognised as crucial. It may well involve the survival not only of Manley's efforts to build a socially just society, but of Jamaican democracy itself.

Kingston.

Peter Wilby

Exams and Elitists

It is not just in Tameside that the last, unlovely death rattles of the defenders of traditional elitism are obstructing educational reform. Far more important is the battle they are fighting nationally to prevent the introduction of a common examination system at 16.

Six years ago, the Schools Council (which advises the Government on curriculum and examinations) agreed, in principle, on abolishing the present system of separate GCE O-level and CSE exams. The system is considered by school-teachers to be divisive and wasteful. It creates rigid and arbitrary divisions between the able and the less able. Despite the abolition of the 11-plus, despite the growth of mixed-ability teaching in comprehensive schools, thousands of children must still be divided, at 14, into separate groups following GCE and CSE syllabuses. The difficulties of accurate streaming lead some teachers to put their children in for both exams. But, in some urban comprehensives, where there is a dearth of pupils who can tackle GCE, only CSE is offered. Thus, the examination system perpetuates schools that, in their lowly aspirations, are much like the old secondary moderns.

Last September, after spending £500,000 on experiments involving 80,000 children, a Schools Council sub-committee recommended the introduction of a common exam system. The council's governors will decide next month whether to accept the report. The final decision then rests with the Secretary of State for Education.

It is possible to contest the council's proposals on the grounds that they represent a futile attempt to perfect an all-embracing examination system that ought to be abolished. The proponents of this view argue that public school leaving examinations should be confined to the testing of essential skills – certainly literacy and numeracy and possibly also a foreign language and some science. Other evidence of a pupil's interests, abilities and attainments should be incorporated in a school profile that would provide more comprehensive, more discriminatory and more helpful information than simple five-point grading scales.

But these are not the grounds on which most of the objections to the Schools Council proposals have been based. Over the last eight months, a veritable army of educational backwoodsmen has crawled out of the undergrowth, like long-forgotten peers turning up for a Lords debate on capital punishment, to muddy the waters, to spread semantic confusion, and to propagate atavistic slogans such as 'academic standards'. They include the Headmasters' Conference, the Confederation of British Industries and, most prominent of all, the universities, who have had their say not only through the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals but also through the GCE boards which they control.

The arguments used by these people against the common examination system are the same as they would use to oppose abolition. There would be inadequate 'goals' for the more able. 'Academic standards' (curiously equated by the vice-chancellors with the volume of material covered in syllabuses) would decline. Teachers cannot be trusted to assess their own pupils. 'The realisation that some O-level examining is already done by internal teacher assessment comes as a shock and certainly in most academic subjects is a practice which should be discouraged,' writes a correspondent from Hull University in *The Times Educational Supplement*. Oh, really? *All* university examining is done by internal teacher assessment – untrained teachers, to boot. Do the universities know something that the rest of us do not know?

The point on which the common exam's opponents rest their case is beguilingly reasonable. They are not opposed, they say, to a common *examination system* (which might involve pupils studying the same syllabuses but taking different exams on them) but they are concerned about a *common*

Going on holiday?

To ensure continuity you may send us your holiday address(es) and we will post copies of the NEW STATESMAN to you wherever you may be. Please give us 10 days' notice and send appropriate remittance.

Any address in the UK: 25p per copy.
Any address abroad, by air: 30p per copy.

Subscribers may take advantage of this service at no extra cost.

Holiday Address Dept.
NEW STATESMAN
Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ (405 8471)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

£1500 MILLION

A huge investment has been necessary to bring the benefits of gas from the southern North Sea home to Britain. Offshore, in terms of exploration, development and production; and on land, in building a nationwide gas transmission system and in converting every gas appliance in the land to burn the new fuel. And investment is continuing on a massive scale to bring home gas from the new fields in the northern North Sea and to secure further supplies for the future.

In fact, the investments planned over the next five years amount to no less than £1,500,000,000.

The future plans of British Gas are designed to ensure that, by using natural gas logically, Britain gets the maximum benefit from this huge investment. And that gas continues to make the fullest contribution to the economic well-being of the nation well into the 21st century.

SAVE IT

BRITISH GAS

GAS–DOING A GREAT JOB FOR BRITAIN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

examination. The Schools Council ought, therefore, to pause and consider the former rather than the latter.

Yet a common *system* is precisely what is being, explicitly, proposed. It happened that a majority (but not all) of the working parties which conducted the experiments chose to try out comon examinations, presumably on the grounds that, if these were possible, they would be simpler to administer. But there is not a tittle of evidence in the sub-committee's report to support the contention that the reformers are bent on a common examination at all costs. On the contrary, the report states that 'it may be possible' in some subjects to develop a common examination, while in others 'it may be essential' to have different exams.

The working parties can be accused of a tactical error: by concentrating on developing single exam papers, they threatened to close the last tiny door to the continued cultivation of an academic elite. The universities are concerned that the schools might cease operating as if their prime function were to sort out the 10 per cent fitted to study academic subjects at university level and to induct them into the appropriate values. In the interests of that 10 per cent, the universities believe, around half the school population must undergo the separate GCE examinations.

The public schools are concerned that, if academic selection ceased to be the chief function of secondary schooling, their specialist expertise in it would be devalued and their attractiveness to parents diminished. Industry and the professions are concerned that the schools may stop running a convenient and highly arbitrary grading scheme that saves their personnel departments from being swamped with real, live human applicants who do not bear some easily recognisable and familiar stamp of approval.

None of these critics, who have so joyfully pointed out the inevitable shortcomings of a common exam, are noted for their concern about the patent absurdities of the present system. For example, there are eight GCE boards, and schools are at liberty to use any or all of them. Some schools use four different boards, in the hope of maximising their pupils' passes. It is well known that, in some subjects, a pass from one board is harder to obtain than a pass from another. What does this do for academic standards? Again, what is the effect of the confusing introduction of two new grades on to the GCE certificate, below the old pass level? When applying for jobs, some pupils may well be better off with GCE 'fail' grades than with good CSE grades. Does this imply a system that sets pupils worthwhile goals?

The Schools Council has scarcely even begun to consider the really fundamental question about examinations at 16: which, if any of them, do we need at all? Perhaps such questions can be debated once we have a common system. But, if the defenders of the status quo are allowed now to get their way, their grip on the secondary schools will be confirmed and tightened and the chances of real reform destroyed for the foreseeable future. The backwoodsmen must be told, firmly and finally, that schools are not for the production of elites.

Peter Gillman

Questions of Identity

Since the acquittal of Peter Hain and the release of George Davis there has been a search for other possible cases of mistaken identity. But so far little attention has been paid to one recent major case where conviction rested almost entirely on identification, and where even the police conceded that the procedures followed had been somewhat unusual.

The Carib Club, where the case began, belied its exotic name. It was a dance floor over a Burton's shop in unromantic Cricklewood, North West London. On Friday nights young black men and women crowded in for the reggae music played at full blast over sound systems. It was almost a refuge, a place where the children of London's West Indian immigrants could find a sense of belonging and identity.

Around 1.30 a.m. on 12 October 1974 two patrolling policemen saw a man they suspected of stealing a car disappear into the Carib Club. After calling for reinforcements they went in after him. But when they tried to remove a man from the dance floor they were viciously attacked. One policeman, PC Dixon, was stabbed in the back; another, PC Sevier, had his jaw and nose broken with a bottle. Fourteen policemen in all went to hospital. Some 150 police arrived and cleared the club. Many black men and women later described how they had been kicked, punched or hit with truncheons as they made their way downstairs to the street.

The subsequent case at the Old Bailey – consisting of a trial and retrial – lasted a record 109 days. At the end of that time, ten of the 12 young blacks accused had been acquitted. The remaining two, Dennis Bovell and Royfield Dockery, were each sent to prison for three years. Even though serious offences were undoubtedly committed at the Carib Club that night, there are substantial doubts about the way these two men were convicted. It was Dennis Bovell, said the police, who bore the major responsibility for the night's violence. As disc jockey for the 'Sufferer' sound system he had incited the crowd to attack the police on his microphone. Bovell, who is 23, and came originally from Barbados, said that his sound equipment had broken down, with a spectacular flash, even before the police arrived. During the fighting he and the system's owner, Oliver Francis, had been trying to mend it. Some half-dozen witnesses supported him.

The case of Bovell has to be considered with that of Francis, also charged, but eventually acquitted. On the night itself some 40 young black men were arrested as they left the club and taken to Golders Green police station. Neither Bovell nor Francis, although they were at the club until around 4 a.m., and were seen by dozens of policemen, was among them. The following afternoon, hearing that the police wanted to see him, Bovell went to Golders Green. He denied any responsibility for what had happened, but also signed a statement containing a crucial – though hotly contested – admission. He was then charged; Francis stood bail.

Not until *four weeks later* was Bovell put on an identification parade. By then, intensive police inquiries had failed to find the man who stabbed PC Dixon. They had failed to produce more than one person accused of specific offences inside the dance hall – nearly all the charges related to events on the stairs as people left the club. And they had failed to produce any further evidence – for none was ever offered in court – against Dennis Bovell.

On 8 November, Bovell and Francis went back to Golders Green. Detective Chief Inspector John Parker, head of 'S' Division CID, pressed Francis hard about Sufferer's equipment; as Francis recalled it in court, Parker told him: 'We want you to say that the amplifier was working and Dennis was talking over the mike.' When Francis refused, Parker told him he would be put on an identification parade *and that he would be charged.* Until then, Francis said later, he had no idea that he was even a suspect.

The parade took place later that day. No fewer than 35 policemen passed down the line. Just *one*, PC Alan Pirie, the 34th to pass by, picked out Francis. Nonetheless Francis was charged with affray and assault. The only witness to describe Francis's alleged offences in court was PC Pirie. When it was Bovell's turn to stand in line, *two* policemen, again from 35, picked him out: PC Robert Mahoney, the 24th to pass – and PC Pirie, the 34th. In court, Bovell disputed the fairness of the parade: he was certain that only two people on it had beards. Some policemen thought there might have been four or five; while PC Pirie, whose evidence in other respects was to prove so crucial, was adamant that *all 12* had beards.

Thus the principal evidence against Bovell consisted of identification by two policemen, out of 35 who had been at the club, made almost four weeks after the event. What is more, the original sightings were made in conditions that were very far from ideal. There was the packed crowd, the fighting, the panic; and there was the dance hall lighting, which almost everyone agreed was very poor. Mahoney himself said it was 'reasonably dark' in the hall; the club's owner testified that he had turned the lights down very low.

The most marked dissent from this view came from PC Pirie, who said that the lights had been fully on during the attack in the dance hall. He was, of course, providing the main evidence against Bovell, against Francis, and against Dockery, the other man convicted. But it was perhaps surprising that he had managed to see so much, given that he described the violence as occurring 'in a flash'. Pirie was in a minority in another important respect. He said that Bovell was wearing a dark suit,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whereas other witnesses described Bovell's flamboyant disc-jockey's outfit: bright gold jacket and trousers, and a gold hat.

There was one further morsel of evidence against Bovell, contained in the statement he had signed. Near the end he had apparently had second thoughts about whether he had spoken on his microphone, for he was quoted as saying: 'Yes, it was me. I'll tell you what I said . . .' Bovell had supposedly gone on to warn people to get rid of any drugs – which meant that his microphone must have been working after all. Bovell said that he had in fact told the police: 'Yes. It *wasn't* me. But I'll tell you what *was* said . . .' He added that he had not read his statement before signing it because the policemen who took it, Mr Parker and Detective Constable Stephen Bocking, had assured him they had written down what he had said. It was the first time Bovell had been in a police station.

It was perhaps unfortunate for Bovell that the second jury, who convicted him, did not hear the details of the case against Roger Streadwick, sensationally acquitted at the first trial after being accused of affray, assault, and possessing an offensive weapon. Streadwick denied having been at the club at all but the police produced an incriminating statement which he had signed after being arrested on 29 September. Streadwick said that he had signed the statement after one policeman punched him in the stomach while a second twisted his arm behind his back. The second policeman, he said, was Detective Constable Bocking.

Another question that might have helped Bovell also went unresolved at either trial: where was Earl Scott, the disc jockey for Lord Coos, one of the rival sound systems at the Carib Club that night? It was widely believed among Bovell's friends that someone from Lord Coos had given Mr Parker 'information' blaming Bovell. Mr Parker did remember speaking to Scott at the club on 12 October but was surprisingly vague about the details. 'I can't remember asking if he spoke on the mike,' he said. Later, he agreed: 'There *was* some suggestion that he spoke on the microphone. I'm not sure of whether he spoke at the time of violence.' Although Scott did make a statement, it was not produced in court. Scott himself did not appear, nor was he even put on an identification parade. As Bovell's counsel regretted: 'We shall never know what relationship exists, if any, between Parker and Lord Coos.'

Royfield Dockery, aged 19, born in Jamaica, was the other man convicted. It was his first – and last – visit to the Carib Club. When the fighting broke out, he said, he had simply been squashed to the back of the hall: three witnesses confirmed his account. He was arrested as he was leaving the club and taken to Golders Green. The identification procedures involving Dockery can only be described as a farce. By dawn on 12 October, 42 young black men, many of them injured, had been brought to Golders Green. The problem facing Mr Parker, in his own words, was 'to reunite arresting officers with their prisoners'. The method he devised was known throughout the trial, without conscious irony, as 'the confrontation'. The 42 men lined up on one side of the station yard; some three dozen policemen on the other side. Eight policemen claimed to identify men they had seen committing an offence. Dockery was selected by two policemen – PC Mahoney, and PC Pirie. Pirie said that he had seen Dockery attack PC Sevier; Mahoney said that Dockery had attacked *him*.

Lack of Safeguards

Astonishingly, although two serious offences were thus alleged against Dockery, *no further investigation took place.* Dockery was not questioned, nor asked to make a statement. His clothes were not examined for blood, his fingerprints were not taken. He was not even put on a proper identification parade to see if PC Sevier, his alleged victim, could recognise him. The confrontation, which one officer described as the *beginning* of a proper investigative process, became the *end* of the case against Dockery. It lacked any of the safeguards which the Home Office requires of an identification parade. The 42 men who took part were not told of any rights they might have. Worst of all, all 42 men were effectively suspects. All eight selected for alleged offences that morning stood trial; all but Dockery were acquitted.

Dockery approximated to the man Pirie and Mahoney described in their statements in, at most, three respects. He was supposedly light-skinned; so is Dockery. He wore a leather jacket; Dockery was carrying one as he left the club. He was 5ft 7 inches tall; Dockery is 5ft 3½ inches. But Pirie also thought that PC Sevier's attacker had light-brown hair; Dockery's is black. There was a larger weakness in the prosecution case. PC Mahoney said in court that he had arrested Dockery at the foot of the stairs leading from the club. Both Dockery and his girl friend said he had been arrested *on* the stairs. In his statement, prepared the same morning, Mahoney did not mention the arrest at all. His explanation in court was that he simply forgot.

At the end of the first, 82-day, trial. the jury, having acquitted nine of the 12 accused, could not agree on the cases of Bovell, Dockery and Francis. Mr Justice Noakes gave a strong hint that the right course, after two days of deliberations, would be to acquit, but a minority of jurors remained for conviction.

At the second trial Mr Justice Abdela swung the weight of his summing-up firmly against the three men. Why should the police bother to fabricate a statement that Bovell had used his microphone, he asked, if it was only to warn people to get rid of drugs? The answer, of course – which Judge Abdela did not give – was that his defence that his microphone had not been working was thereby totally undermined. Judge Abdela made light of the difficulties raised in the sensitive area of identification. How many men on Bovell's parade had beards, he told the jury, 'you may not think a question of very great weight'.

His view of the controversial confronta-

AFRICAN DEVELOPMENT

* WHAT NEXT FOR TFAI?
** DOES THE MEPZ WORK?
*** IS LAMCO OVER-PRODUCING?

Every month a new set of initials seems to appear. The letters above are covered in this month's issue of AFRICAN DEVELOPMENT. Of course we have to keep up with them.

Every month AFRICAN DEVELOPMENT looks at events and trends as they affect Africa. If you are concerned with Africa, you must read AFRICAN DEVELOPMENT.

Taking out a subscription is easy, just fill in the form below and send it to us.

* The French Territory of the Afars and Issas (TFAI), formerly known as Djibouti, will have its status decided in the near future. (p. 686).
** The Mauritius Export Processing Zones (MEPZ) attracted an additional 21 companies to the country in 1975. Companies with MEPZ protection now employ over 11,000 staff (p. 696).
*** The Liberian American Swedish Mineral Company (LAMCO) now has a stockpile of over 4m tons of iron ore. This represents about two years' production. (p. 723).

Circulation Dept. AFRICAN DEVELOPMENT
Wheatsheaf House, Carmelite Street,
London EC4Y 0AX

Date .....
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

Subscription enclosed:

RATES:	1 YEAR	3 YEARS
BRITAIN & OVERSEAS SEAMAIL	£ 8.40 ☐ $19.00 ☐	£19.50 ☐ $49.00 ☐
AIRMAIL	£11.50 ☐ $24.00 ☐	£26.00 ☐ $62.00 ☐
STUDENTS- SEAMAIL ONLY	£ 4.50 ☐ $ 9.50 ☐	

NSI

SIGNED .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion was that it presented no great problems:

> Quite clearly it would have been impossible to arrange for a formal identification to take place there and then. I think it is conceded that what did take place was the best they could do in the circumstances [Dockery's counsel had in fact called it 'a pretty poor best'] but that best was not good enough because it didn't have the safeguards – I think that is putting it in fairly general and broad terms – well that may be a matter of opinion. It may be that you will say that there was no alternative and it may be that you will say to yourselves, good heavens, here there is not the limited number ten to choose from but 40, ten times that number . . .

The jury found Bovell and Dockery guilty, acquitting Francis on the intriguing grounds – as one juror related afterwards – that they felt that PC Pirie could not have seen both Francis and Dockery commit their assaults. They chose Dockery, therefore, because Pirie had said he was the closer of the two. Bovell and Dockery were granted leave to appeal against their convictions last week. They were refused bail, however, and await the outcome in Wormwood Scrubs.

Allan Ashbolt

It's Queen's Move in Australia

Wherever the Governor-General of Australia now moves in public places, there are usually two or three (sometimes two or three hundred and more) gathered together in democracy's name to jeer at him and remind him of his folly. Sir John Kerr's abrupt and arbitrary dismissal of Mr Whitlam's Labour Government is far from forgotten. The Melbourne City Council was forced to cancel a reception for him because Labour aldermen rejected their invitations. A prominent judge, chairing a commission of inquiry, declined to present the final report to him, preferring to allot this task to the commission's secretary. Top public servants in Canberra increasingly seek excuses to avoid Government House functions. Workers on a building job in Western Australia walked off en bloc when he arrived to make an inspection. Chanting students in Adelaide provoked him to desperate shouts of defiance. Clamouring protesters outside the Royal Commonwealth Society in Melbourne smashed the window of his car as he drove up to attend the annual dinner. The incidents multiply, and to cap it all, Labour Premiers who refuse to have any truck with him, even on the most remote official level, are currently installed in three of the six States.

He cannot claim that only a rabble is responsible for these rebuffs. Even the Governor of New South Wales, who had no part in the coup of last November, was loudly and feelingly booed by a sophisticated, bourgeois audience at a recent chamber music concert in the Sydney Opera House – an occurrence which indicates, among other things, that antagonism is now being directed against the sovereign's representatives as such, not merely against Sir John Kerr as a person. To have any hope of retaining the esteem and affection of the Australian people at large, and to prevent her scheduled visit to Australia early next year from degenerating into a shambles of remonstration, demonstration and uneasy, hollow civility, the Palace should now be seeking a diplomatic way to ensure that a new Governor-General greets her in 1977. (As Mr Whitlam is lunching with the Queen next week her advisers have surely been briefed on the problem.)

It is hardly even plausible for Mr Malcolm Fraser, the Prime Minister, to contend, as he has been doing, that in Australia the Queen could never suffer from slights aimed at the Governor-General because they would seldom appear in public together. The argument is specious. The monarchy has so far escaped direct criticism over the events of November 1975 only for the reason that, as the Palace explained in a letter to the ex-Speaker, the Governor-General acts entirely on his own authority and is a representative of the British Crown in name alone. But the terms of political reference would change immediately the Queen seemed to be siding with Sir John, or supporting him, or even (and this would be the inescapable significance of the proposed royal tour) lending her institutional aura to the office which he occupies. Before she commits herself to such a course she might profitably ponder the words of Gareth Evans, senior lecturer in constitutional law at Melbourne University: 'Bearing in mind the extreme caution with which British monarchs have exercised their prerogatives in recent centuries, it may be said indeed that the trouble with Sir John Kerr was not that he was too much the Queen's man, but that he was not enough.'

The trouble with Sir John goes beyond his obsessively literal interpretation of the Governor-General's powers under the Constitution, in which he was so conveniently backed by the Chief Justice (and former Liberal Attorney-General) Sir Garfield Barwick, and by Barwick's cousin, the present Liberal Attorney-General, R. G. Elliott. It is certainly bad enough for the nation's future that, if the actions of 11 November 1975 are taken as a precedent, then (as Whitlam told the House in February) 'the Governor-General holds powers which the Queen herself does not hold' – power, for example, to dismiss parliaments and ministers at will, to refuse the appointment of any ministers whatsoever, to allow parliament to meet only one day a year, to block expenditures and to seize personal control, as commander-in-chief of the army, navy and air force. The real trouble, however, lies deeper.

For within the Labour Party, fanning out from the parliamentary wing and the national executive, it is now generally assumed that during the October-November legislative stalemate, while the Senate was delaying the Government's money bills, Kerr deliberately deceived Whitlam about the nature of vice-regal intervention and entered into some sort of compact with Malcolm Fraser. Senator James McClelland, a senior minister in the ousted government and a close friend of Kerr's from the early 1950s until the day of the sacking, put the matter bluntly to the Senate: 'I believe now that he had made up his mind before Supply was deferred and that at all times the leading figures of the Liberal Party knew that they had this ace up their sleeve. That is why we talk of a coup and that is why we regard this incident as the most shameful single act in Australia's history.' Whether or not McClelland's view of the affair as 'one of the most gruesome conspiracies in parliamentary democracy' is correct, it is what Labour politicians have accepted as a reasonable inference from Kerr's conduct and the known sequence of events. More to the point, it is what they have been saying publicly and what the party faithful have come to believe.

There have been sporadic half-attempts to suppress these imputations (and indeed most newspaper editors now seem to have barred further discussion of the subject). For instance, on 4 March this year, the Attorney-General issued what can only be described as a warning:

> May I say, since this matter has been raised outside this House, that I have considered statements made by the leader of the Opposition about the Governor-General. I have a prima facie view that he has committed a breach of the crime of libel – seditious libel. But may I say to this House that I have decided not to prosecute that gentleman. I will not make a martyr of him. Public interest demands, apparently, that he shall go free *for the moment* from that crime of seditious libel which I believe he has committed. He goes on making these statements. He makes comments which are completely unfounded about me and about public figures. [Italics mine.]

The most diverting (though also most ominous) aspect of this situation is that, according to highly reliable reports, the Governor-General himself seems to have been one of the key persons interested in pursuing the question of sedition. He apparently approached the Attorney-General for opinion as to whether Whitlam's persistent accusations, condemnations and denigrations would form the basis for a prosecution, by reason of intent (as the legal

This Australia

☐ 'On a charge of sexual offence against a woman or girl, the judge should direct the jury in clear and simple language that it is dangerous to convict on the uncorroborated evidence of complainant because human experience in the courts has shown that women and girls, for all sorts of reasons and sometimes for no reason at all, tell a false story which is very easy to fabricate but extremely difficult to refute.' Criminal Code, Criminal Law of Queensland – quoted in *National Times* (Joyce Saalmans)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phrasing has it) to bring the Governor-General, as representative of the sovereign, into hatred, ridicule and contempt. Proceedings for seditious libel would be initiated, of course, by way of prosecution for a crime and the Governor-General would not be a party or be required to appear in court. Is it conceivable that even Kerr, in the full flush of his pride, would encourage or permit the enactment of such a grossly medieval spectacle?

The Government has behaved to date with sensible restraint. But there is no telling what frictions and conflicts might be engendered if Sir John is still Governor-General during a royal tour next March. For under these circumstances the Queen could be seen as giving her imprimatur not so much to Sir John's decisions as to his continuing presence in the vice-regal role. This would almost certainly cause an upsurge of anti-monarchical sentiment – which is about as relevant to Australia's social reality as declarations of total fealty and loyalty. Republican agitation has been for some time at a low ebb, if only because an attack on the ritualistic trappings rather than on the political substance of a society is no longer regarded as a rewarding route to radical change. And Australia's most pressing structural problem at the moment is not its relationship to the monarchy but a Constitution which belies democratic pretensions and practices by allowing literally absolute powers to the Governor-General and enormously obstructive powers to the Senate. The Queen therefore co-exists with the Australian Labour movement in a condition of mutual tolerance. Why should she risk creating a contretemps where she would cease to be in any respect a symbol of unity and would become instead a target for political disaffection and bitterness?

It might be difficult, however, for the PM to remove Sir John. Before he took the post, Kerr got guarantees from Whitlam that he could travel abroad as Head of State, that his term would extend for five years with the option of renewal for another five, and that his salary, perquisites and pension would be enlarged. Would so experienced a political operator have offered aid and comfort to the Liberal Party without obtaining some assurances in return? In any case, would the dumping of Sir John look too much like an admission by the PM that there was indeed something shady about the manoeuvres which brought down the Labour Government?

One can be fairly sure that Sir John (who recently acquired another knighthood and already seems weighted down with decorations and insignia) is exceedingly anxious for the ultimate accolade of entertaining the reigning British monarch on Australian soil, so that he will not be led quietly and unprotestingly, as it were, out to the pastures of oblivion. But Mr Fraser has a duty to protect the Queen from appearing to endorse Sir John's politics, and the Queen would be wise, in the interests of monarchical stability, to take advice that steered her clear of any such dubious entanglement. Perhaps our US allies, as major beneficiaries from the coup, could arrange a not too exacting ceremonial appointment for him on the international circuit?

Sydney

In the Summer number of **OUT SHORTLY**

Universities Quarterly

Culture, Education and Society

THE GREAT IRRATIONALISATION EXERCISE Boris Ford

'The ultimate absurdity of this process is the so-called Rationalisation Exercise on which local authorities and colleges of education and polys are at present engaged – and from which universities are exempt, for all their large numbers of graduates training to teach.'

POLITICS IN PRACTICE Shirley Williams
with Patrick Corbett and Colin Crouch

Mrs Williams: 'One could have almost an infinite number of educational advisers, school psychologists, people advising teachers on how to teach best, and so on. And it isn't only that there's a financial limit; there's a limit to the actual number of qlalified people that one can employ in any given section of the welfare services.'

UNIVERSITIES AND RELEVANCE Gordon Hunnings

'Should science students in universities be left in ignorance of the social consequences of science? Or is there after all a case to be made for science students to include in their education the less relevant studies of history and sociology?'

FAMILIES, BREAKDOWN AND PSYCHIATRY Aaron Esterson

'In this article I shall draw attention to a possible method of investigating forms of behaviour and experience, which in our society are regarded as aberrant; and which fall within the province of Institutional Psychiatry.'

'MUTUALLY NECESSARY' — A REJOINDER Michael Tanner

'If I seem to be making heavy weather out of a small point, it's simply to show that Leavis did read my article in a fiercely defensive spirit; otherwise he wouldn't have been capable of such gross misreadings.'

SARTRE, ORWELL AND BARTHES: THE POLITICS OF SEMIOLOGY Philip Thody

'For Jimmy Porter to pretend not to know how Alison's mother would react to his long hair is as blatant a form of bad faith as that of the teenager who, having presented himself for a job in dirty jeans, pit-boots and a leather jacket covered with insignia of the Africa Korps, complains that he has been refused employment because of racial prejudice.'

SOCIOLOGY AND THE 'UNSTATABLE' Philip Abrams

'The sensed emotional outrage perpetrated by sociology – whether sensed by literary critics or the victims of research – the sensed violation of the felt but inexpressible wholeness of life, is I suggest an inescapable feature of the work of reasoning about life.'

RADIO: NO ROOM FOR MEDIOCRITY Hans Keller
with Boris Ford

Keller: 'A radio man as such does not exist; a so-called professional broadcaster is amongst the many professions which I, with mixed respect, regard as phoney. Let me add that I am not against plunging right in the middle of phoney professions; in fact, I have done it all my life.'

Universities Quarterly

Culture, Education and Society

£5.50 a year Single copy £1.50

To Turnstile Press, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ.

*Please enter my subscription to UQ for a year, I enclose £5.50

*Please send ..... copies of UQ Spring issue at £1.50 a copy.

I enclose .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

..... NS

(Please delete lines not applicable and use block letters)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Diary

☐ In a week of panic about cabinet leaks, I'm glad to learn that Volume II of the Crossman *Diaries* is steaming peacefully ahead towards publication in November. The manuscript is with the cabinet office at the moment but no one is contemplating another protracted legal battle. Sir John Hunt, the cabinet secretary, will, no doubt, try to rest any objections he has on the highly restrictive report of the Radcliffe inquiry into ministerial memoirs published last January. But since that report was specifically concerned with establishing *new* rules it can hardly be made to apply to an author who was writing in total ignorance of them. (Incidentally, I'm by no means certain that every member of Mr Callaghan's, or Mr Wilson's, cabinet has agreed in advance to comply with them: but that's another story.) For the Crossman story itself I recommend a book published this week, *The Crossman Affair* by Hugo Young (Hamish Hamilton, Jonathan Cape, *Sunday Times* £4.95). It's what Sir John Hunt might well call 'a blow by blow account' of last year's legal battle – and, though I could have done with more of the earlier background before the Galahad *Sunday Times* arrived on the scene, it makes a surprisingly topical read. Connoisseurs of the civil service mind should on no account miss Appendix I containing Sir John Hunt's comments on each serial extract as the *Sunday Times* published them.

☐ Psychological theories of politics, or at least psychological explanations for politicians' behaviour, tend to leave me rather cold. I remember a laborious exercise in (I think) 1974 that ended up by reading vast significance into the fact that Wilson habitually used 'warm' words while Heath's customary language was perceptibly chillier – but where all that was supposed to get us I was never quite able to fathom. I confess to feeling much the same about a rather more intriguing study in the July issue of *Psychology Today* in which an associate professor of psychology at Wesleyan University analyses the speeches of the various presidential candidates for 'the tell-tale phrases that reveal people's motives'. The trouble is that these 'tell-tale phrases' don't turn out to be all that revealing – or anyway surprising. Thus Ford comes easily bottom in the 'urge for power' table while scoring very high in the 'need to be liked' league; George Wallace, on the other hand, has a strong power drive and isn't much bothered about being disliked. You know what? I might have guessed that – without putting myself to the time and trouble of wading through acres and acres of political verbiage (almost certainly composed by speech-writers anyway). But what I did find interesting was that Jimmy Carter came out as 'Mr Average-Man' in all three tables (the third goes under the awful American rubric 'need to achieve'). But then, for a 'packaged' candidate, that should not perhaps have been wholly unpredictable either.

☐ Since thrift was the queen of the Victorian virtues, it is only right and proper that Mr Patrick Hutber should regard it today as the sovereign middle-class value. His spirited tract *The Decline and the Fall of the Middle Class* (Associated Business Programmes, £3.95) is almost an anthem in praise of those who believe in 'putting by for a rainy day' – which, Mr Hutber admits, is his own litmus-paper test for membership of the middle class. The working class he regards as an 'eat, drink and be merry' lot – even dragging in an article by Mr Jack Jones from the NS of last September to clinch his point for him. The article, of course, did no such thing: all it said was that percentage, as opposed to flat rate, increases inevitably widened disparities of wealth, since those at the top who received the biggest increases didn't just get the extra money in the pay packet – they could always go on and make that money work for them in the form of dividends. A point surely just as obvious as Mr Hutber's own recommendation of house purchase as remaining 'incomparably the best investment'. But who does the City editor of the *Sunday Telegraph* suppose primarily benefits from that 'best investment?' Of course our 'thrifty' friends again – but is it really the feckless workers' fault that they are not given the chance to do the same?

☐ A small palace revolution took place this week in the House of Commons. With the early retirement through ill health of Rear Admiral Sir Sandy Gordon Lennox, Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Thorne became the first Serjeant-at-Arms to be appointed by the House of Commons itself since the 14th century. Colonel Thorne has had nearly 30 years' experience on the 'housekeeping' side of Westminster and there were many MPs who thought he ought to have succeeded to the office 15 years ago when Admiral Gordon Lennox was brought in from outside with no more obvious recommendation or qualification than that he had been President of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. Of course in those days the patronage of this office lay with the monarch, who exercised it in 1962 without even consulting the House of Commons. One of the hardest fought battles of the 1964-66 Wilson Government, instigated and directed by the then Minister of works, Charles Pannell, ended up by giving the House of Commons control over its own internal administration. Colonel Thorne's appointment puts the seal on what may have been a modest – but was still a long-outdated – reform.

☐ The case of Robert Relf may remind at least older readers of the 'Cat and Mouse Act' passed in 1913 to release (and frustrate) the hunger-striking Suffragettes who were clearly determined to die in prison. (They were taken back to prison when they got better.) Some lawyers thought at the time that this could already be done, without a new Act of Parliament, as a purely administrative measure. But the current Prison Rules (1964) preserve the Home Secretary's right to order the 'temporary release' for any purpose of any kind of prisoner – other than one remanded in custody by a Crown Court. Mr Relf's offence is contempt of court in defying a judge's order to take down a notice board announcing (in defiance of the Race Relations Act) that his house is 'For Sale – to an English family'. Of course in releasing him, at Birmingham County Court, after a 45-day hunger strike in prison, Judge Sunderland may well be showing, as he says, that 'the law Mr Relf defies is also merciful'. But he may also be showing that it can be artful, and that this is how Mr Roy Jenkins intends to deal with hunger-striking prisoners of all kinds now that he has scrapped the abominable business of forcible feeding. So far from offering up the usual 'apology' by which a defiant prisoner can be deemed to have 'purged his contempt', Relf is apologising to nobody and will, he says, continue his offence. The judge gave no hint of what happens next, but my guess is that if all attempts at persuasion fail Mr Relf will be back inside as soon as he is fit for the next hunger strike. A cumbersome and possibly endless tragi-comedy, but the machinery can long outlast Mr Relf.

☐ President Giscard d'Estaing is not the first, nor the last Frenchman to disrupt the metropolis this summer, as he did earlier this week during his state visit. ('President Traffic-Jam, he should be called,' said a bus-conductor in Trafalgar Square on Tuesday.) My junior acquaintances tell me that being importuned by parties of French tourists is now part of everyday life. 'It's all very well saying don't speak to sex maniacs and so on,' one complained, 'but what am I to do about loads of tourists asking "où est le Musée Britannique?".' The only answer, I suspect, is to say 'à gauche' and disappear quickly, thankful for one's excellent comprehensive school education.

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The decision to make an allowance available to the chairman was made at Wednesday's meeting of the council, when the question of what part the council and the chairman should play in the proposed twinning arrangements between Cullompton and the French town of Ploudalmezeau was discussed. Mr Tony Goffey was in favour of town twinning as long as it cost nothing from the rates, and Mr Joe Simmons said he wanted nothing to do with it at all. 'There are too many Communist mayors in France and there is a possibility that they could brainwash our children when they go over there,' he declared. – *Tiverton Gazette* (C. Randall)

☐ The trip was generally very much enjoyed by the people who went on it. The few criticisms that were made were made by the overseas visitors, not the British. – *British Travel News* (published by the British Tourist Authority). (E. G. Breeze)

☐ *Sir*, Readers may care to know that if young rose shoots are being eaten, a wonderful deterrent is lion's manure sprinkled round the border of your roses. This is particularly effective against deer, who are partial to young roses. – Letter in *The Field* (Frank Atkinson)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paul Callan

Walking Among Kings

I must admit to a certain aptitude – and, dare one admit it, even a liking – for Royal Weddings. It's largely the anachronistic charm of the occasions, all those specially dusted-off crowned heads suddenly captured in a totally unrealistic time capsule (monarchs in aspic, really).

Take last week in Stockholm, for example. The 30-year-old King Carl XVI Gustav – truly constitutionally neutered by Sweden's republican-minded Premier, Olof Palme – married a pretty German girl called Silvia Sommerlath in the city's 13th-century cathedral (although scrubbed brickwork inside gives it a hint of a Methodist church in Harlow New Town with old pews thrown in).

That hybrid Swedish combination of concentrated (and luxurious) democracy plus a well-ingrained respect for the Old Order led one into totally unreal situations. I mean, they really did let one Walk Among Kings. After all, it is not every day in life one walks up to a reigning monarch and asks him how he's feeling (without some policeman's paws descending).

'Yes, I've really enjoyed myself,' said the King of Norway, fiddling with his sword (someone should have told him it was not okay to wear it in church – but then his people did come to Christianity belatedly).

There followed an unexpected slurping sound – King Olav's stomach was loudly registering hunger. They who reign also eat. 'I'm feeling damned hungry,' he announced. 'The wedding lunch is being delayed.'

Then a hefty Danish girl embedded her heel into my Chelsea boot and was most apologetic about it. 'I'm very sorry – I hope you weren't hurt,' said the Queen of Denmark. Comparatively, when the Queen Mother's handbag caught me painfully and personally at the Derby a few years ago, she didn't say a thing.

Thus, we all mingled freely together by the great, if recent-looking, door of the cathedral. Diplomat and Federal President. Monarch and Gossip Columnist.

Poor, thin King Baudoin of the Belgians, clearly having troubles with his contact lenses, looked lost and lonely. His wife, the steely Queen Fąbiola, was having an animated discussion with the amiable Prince Bertil of Sweden.

'When are you next coming to England?' I asked the King of the Belgians. Questions of moment or real meaning are a shade difficult to find on such occasions. He shrugged his shoulders. 'Can't remember,' he said. It was early in the day for crisp decisions.

Of course, the Swedish penchant for making everything and everyone instantly available had not quite endeared itself to the British Royals present. The Queen (ours) had dispatched only the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester – really, just a nice architect with a Danish wife – to represent her. And who could blame her? After all, the Swedes were foolish enough to hold their wedding during Ascot Week.

After having passed the time of day so amiably with the odd king or two, not to mention a substantial slab of the *Almanac de Gotha*, it was bruising to have a mere English duke scuttle by and ignore one's question. And Lord Mountbatten – who, incidentally, wore so many decorations that he could easily have been a travelling salesman for Spinks – sailed by in full, clanking steam. The Swedes liked him, though; one newspaper even said that he virtually outshone the bride, and 'in his naval uniform brought a whiff of gunpowder to the occasion'.

It soon became clear to me, as a student of pageantry, that We Do It Better. The problem in Stockholm was the Swedish dichotomy – luxurious socialism on the one hand; Gilbert and Sullivan on the other. The combination brought a few hilarious sights. The palace guards, in their 18th-century uniforms and (horror) ungroomed busbies, sat down on the pavement for a quick smoke after the royal carriage had passed by. And there was something unconvincing, even unattractive, about the soldiers lining the route. Perhaps it was the way they lolled to attention, or even the shoulder-length hair that cascaded out from beneath shiny white helmets.

It was all different when Princess Anne married young Phillips. Nobody mingled on that occasion and even the BBC carried its own brand of haughtiness around. At the time I was employed by the then fledgling London Broadcasting Company to describe the scene from an insecure coffin perched high on the Victoria Memorial.

During the rehearsal – crack of dawn the day before – a pink-and-white man covered in pin-stripe approached me and said in the sort of tones they *used* to read the news in: 'I am from the BBC. Who exactly are you?'

'LBC,' I said, clutching a small, plastic microphone.

'Ah . . .' he said with velvet hatred. 'LBC – our more ragged brethen.'

But, at least, the pageantry worked. And the coaches didn't look as though they had been hired for the day from the set of *Gone With The Wind.*

Having never attempted a royal commentary before, it struck me that the Dimbleby approach was the only way. So why not some *real* Dimbleby? A BBC friend (illegally) lent me some discs of Old Microphone-In-Waiting describing similar royal events, including the wedding of the Queen to Prince Philip in 1947.

I devised a card index system containing pure Dimblebyisms under headings like 'Horses', 'Guardsmen', 'The Queen', 'Spirit of England' etc. etc. And when the appropriate moment came up I merely flicked to a card – and out came the Real Thing. The *Guardian* was so impressed by my descriptive powers – particularly by my phrase 'What sense of honour and dignity is it that makes these men sit so still in their saddles that not one sunbeam dances from a trembling blade?' – that it said I had the touch of Dimbleby.

The basic difference between these two Royal Weddings? Pomp, circumstance and hired braid apart, it is best summed up thus. In Stockholm when the carriages and the horses had departed, leaving the inevitable manure in the street outside the royal castle, men in white coats appeared driving automatic cleaning machines like golf carts. But outside Buckingham Palace it was done by two well-pressed dustmen – with groomed brooms and hand-burnished shovels.

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Press on Regardless

I have never been absolutely sure in my mind of what *belles lettres* consist. Dear old Webster (1932) gives 'polite or elegant literature' and goes on to speak of literary works in which 'imagination and taste are predominant'. I had been wondering for some time whether my weekly pieces could possibly rank as *belles lettres* but, as you see, Webster cruelly puts paid to that idea. I had hoped on my demise to be described as 'the occasional belletrist' and to have the description chiselled in defiantly large letters on my tombstone. Incidentally, is it still remembered that Dorothy Parker, hilarious even in death, asked to have the following, in the smallest letters possible, on her headstone: IF YOU CAN READ THIS IT MEANS THAT YOU ARE STANDING TOO DAMN CLOSE.

However, come to think of it, 'Belle Lettriste sounds all too like a make-up name for some failed music-hall lady who now makes a thin living by reading palms and feeling bumps on a ramshackle South Coast pier.

My tombstone moment can't be all that far away. I am now what is, I understand, known to 'callers' in Bingo halls as clickety-clicks (66). Contrary to the general belief, there is a great deal to be said in favour of growing old, gracefully or otherwise as the fancy may take one. Press, therefore, bravely on and come on in, the water's fine. Being young really wasn't all that fun. One seemed to have, for one thing, so little control over the movement of one's limbs. Gangling, one was. Advancing timorously and shyly into the Victorian drawing-room of some elderly relation, it was all too easy to knock over and send flying a table laden with cherished bibelots and then crunch one's way forward, in deep disgrace, over shattered fragments of Swansea *bonbonnières.* My Sunday papers inform me that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nowadays children of 14 discuss with their parents, cosily over family tea perhaps, the ideal moment for them to start having intimate sexual relations with somebody (try to be patient, seems to be the general view, and hang on till 16). In my youth such discussions would have been helpful but totally unthinkable. Blushing and spotty among the Swansea débris, one was assured in those days to have no such ideas, as 'all that' wasn't supposed to rear its horrid head until one was 20 or so. Well, one would have had news for them.

Some of the benefits of age are unexpected. For those of us who, like rare wines, don't travel well and, en route from one place to another, have spent our travelling time in a queasy trance, green-faced and heaving on steamer, train or bus (I have even, on a choppy day, been sick in a rowing-boat on the River Nene. Is this a record?), old age brings joyous relief. *Mal de mer* completely disappears with the years. I did not fully realise this until setting out, a few months ago, by boat for Hamburg. A considerable gale awaited us, lurking like a U-boat, near Heligoland and found my *entrailles* firm as a rock till journey's end. Not a single qualm. It was a pleasant surprise.

Hamburg provided further surprises, not all of them pleasant. Wanting to see what went on at the German equivalent of Madame Tussaud's, I found that I had to cross a busy street called the Gorch Fock Wall, hardly the world's most attractive name. Following the golden rule when abroad of 'cross with the natives', I foolishly put my trust in a small crêpe-encased widow who turned out to be a creature of wild abandon, suddenly darting out, me with her, into a dense stream of fast traffic and nearly polishing us both off. ('It is being most dangerous coming over, no?' she gasped as we reached the other side. Her widowhood didn't therefore completely amaze me).

Then, to get into the waxworks, I had to push my way past a rather insistent German gentleman who, spying a foreigner, and alone, kept offering me the warm friendship of, apparently, his sister, whom he described as 'appetising'. She was resident, it seemed, nearby and had coffee, cakes and further creature comforts all at the ready.

Within the Tussaud building there was a bewildering array of wax notabilities, all immediately recognisable but, as is the way with these sad dummies, deeply unconvincing. Jackie Onassis could be seen staring hard at Picasso, while Toulouse-Lautrec hobnobbed with Rasputin. Churchill and Lenin eyed one another suspiciously, and, in a dimly-lit alcove, the Kaiser and Hindenburg pored disastrously over their war maps. Gradually I became aware of a voice from Above (the top floor). Up some stairs, then there they were, the whole grotesque crew – Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Himmler and Hess, gathered together on the terrace at Berchtesgaden, with Eva Braun hovering demurely on the fringes in an apricot tea-gown. The place was crowded with Germans of all ages and, as the voice rose to a shrill falsetto and was followed by loud Nuremberg cheers, I looked eagerly for reactions, both to the Führer's rantings and the rather bizarre idea itself. Nothing. Faces blank and expressionless. It was almost as though they had no knowledge of who these persons were, no idea who had brought their calamities and the virtual destruction of Hamburg upon them. Odd.

In age one *minds* things so much less. The fire in the blood dies down. Even torch-carrying Mrs Whitehouse will in due course be glad to stop interfering with what we see, read and hear and be only too happy to return whence she came, settle down in some quiet corner, and enjoy a nice read (I recommend *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*). It's rather agreeable to look back on life's triumphs (nil) and life's failures (847) quite calmly. One of my many failures was the inability to keep accounts of personal expenditures, a practice insisted on at Cambridge by my wise parents and instantly abandoned as soon as I stood, so to speak, on my own feet. I did at one point feel that I ought perhaps to have some sort of idea on what my cash was being so lavishly spent and I bought an account book. I have it still. It contains just the one entry:

Account book . . . Is 6d

The only favour one would really like from God, and it's not much to ask, is to know in advance one's own departure date, and this he withholds. But how helpful! Presents here, beanos there ('When are you off?'). No shocks, no surprises. Everything in order. All damaging letters burnt and old squabbles settled. Tickets booked and seats reserved. Passport at the ready and full steam ahead.

Roger Woddis

Under New Management

(After 'Is that Mr Reilly?', old song)

Arab investors have bought the Dorchester Hotel for £9m.

Is that Dr Dahdah,
Can anyone tell?
Is that Dr Dahdah
Who owns the hotel?
Well, if that's Dr Dahdah
Who's stocking the larder,
No wonder Lord Pritchard
Is looking so well.

Is that Sheikh Najib
Bowing low in the porch,
And Abdul Ben Chataway
Bearing the torch?
Is Lebanon buyin'
The Bank of Orion?
Will things ever be
Quite the same at the Dorch?

The old order changeth,
That much is quite plain,
And causes directors
Considerable pain,
But such a kind offer
Puts cash in the coffer,
And shareholders walk
With a spring in Park Lane.

The deal must have saddened
Sir Robin McAl.,
But courage, effendi,
And cheer up, old pal;
The staff may be crying,
But the Arabs aren't buying
(Or are they?)
That place at the end of the Mall.

Letters to the Editor

Electoral Reform

Sir, Crucifer (NS 11 June) finds unconvincing the case for the additional members system put forward by the Hansard Society's commission on electoral reform, but he does not say anything about the second system which the report found acceptable and which was preferred by one of its members.

The single transferable vote, applied to constituencies each electing about five MPs, does not create two classes of members and it does achieve much which the additional members system does not. AMS would give fair representation of the parties, but of nothing else. In AMS the 'personal' element is bogus, since the percentage of votes obtained by a candidate depends hardly at all on what the voters think of him; it depends almost entirely on his party's strength in that constituency and on what other parties contest it. In STV the voters have a free choice among different candidates of each party; in practice their support for these candidates usually differs widely, and the most favoured candidates are the ones elected. Preferences for candidates are influenced by their shades of policy; hence, the voters' preferences lead to a fair reflection in the House of Commons of, for example, left-wing Labour and right-wing Labour. Voters can also express their opinions of the other parties; hence, if there is need for a coalition the voters will have shown what combination of parties is acceptable to most of them – it is not simply a matter of bargaining between party leaders.

Opposition to STV seems to have been based on the supposedly close link between an MP and his single-member constituency. But is there really a close link between, say, a Conservative MP and the Labour voters in his constituency? Won't the link be closer – in spite of the greater size of the constituency – if nearly every voter has an MP to whose election he has actually contributed, whom he has chosen not only as belonging to the right party but also as preferable to other candidates of the same party?

ENID LAKEMAN
Director

Electoral Reform Society
6 Chancel Street
Southwark
London SE1

Sir, The Hansard Society's proposals for electoral reform seem to be directed to saving face while keeping choice in the hands of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'selectorate'. Greatly preferable is 1-2-3 voting in multi-member constituencies, since this, as well as ensuring proportionality, gives the voter a real choice, not only between parties but between candidates and schools of thought within any party.

A proportional system, however, will not necessarily work out, as Colin Gray (Letters 18 June) believes, as favouring the Liberal Party. The current party-political situation should not be taken too confidently as the basis for a projection of its future development under PR. While giving smaller parties a place in the legislature proportional to their voting strength in the country, PR also brings them publicly to the testing in a way that can more quickly destroy them than is possible in the present more static system. In the Irish Republic, for example, Sean MacBride's Clann na Phoblachta was able to come to the fore and even gain cabinet seats, but with fatal results to itself. Having seen it in action, the electorate dropped it dead; and the Republic, after half a century of PR, continues to have what is virtually a two-party system. Removal of frustration can be fatal to a political party and might, under PR, be the death of the Liberal Party.

However, I am an old-fashioned enough democrat to believe that if the electorate really wants Liberal MPs it ought to have them. The present system by which Liberals have 13 MPs on a voting strength which ought to give them 116 is a corrupt fiddle and has brought British parliamentary democracy into contempt.

HUGH SHEARMAN

36 Cliftonville Road
Belfast

Birmingham and Peter Walker

Sir, I think there is a strong element of hypocrisy in Mr Peter Walker's open letter to the Prime Minister (NS 18 June). To be fair to Mr Walker it may be primarily in relationship to his own party's attitude; but he cannot divorce himself from the general Tory view.

May I talk about experience in Birmingham with the young unemployed, and this certainly means the West Indian school-leavers who, as Mr Walker rightly points out, get a worse deal than other youngsters?

I was a member of Birmingham Education Committee, its Careers Sub-Committee and Further Education Sub-Committee – in fact I had responsibility for industrial training and vocational education to the Labour Group on the District Council. We spent £100,000 before we had a penny from Government sources on measures to counter youth unemployment. Now, to be fair to the Tories on the Education Committee, they never opposed these measures; but they *were* opposed by the Tories on the Finance Committee, who suggested that the Government should fund any schemes, not the ratepayers. Let me also make the point that it is the Tories who have created, with the help of the media and the international and British capitalist establishment, the impression that any public expenditure is evil. Mr Walker has not opted out of that campaign; he has written articles in the Birmingham *Evening Mail* in full support.

Now what has that meant for the young unemployed? Well, we have a situation where local authorities cannot initiate basic-skill courses at colleges of further education that the Training Service Agency are prepared to fund because it will mean employing extra staff for these courses. (This at a time when students at colleges for the training of technical teachers cannot get jobs.) Yet the 'job creation' scheme is £1m. underspent in the West Midlands. The 'job creation' scheme came in response to pressure from some Tory MPs who feel they can keep the young unemployed busy by getting community work done on the cheap. The Manpower Service Commission did get away from that simplistic notion, but I still feel that it is wrong to make 'job creation' the central point of dealing with the unemployed school-leaver.

What is wanted, and this is particularly true of the young West Indians in the urban areas, is essential and basic-skill courses with a fair amount of general education. That means spending a lot more on the 16-19 age group than the Government has provided as yet, and if we are worried about public expenditure let us measure the gain we would make in skilled manpower and the dignity of the youngster. If we do not, then I agree the predictions made by Mr Walker about the crisis in our inner-city areas will undoubtedly come to pass.

HAROLD MARKS

1 Bowen Court
Wake Green Park
Birmingham

Soft Words, Hard Numbers

Sir, You lead (NS 18 June) with a quotation from Proverbs 1.17 ('The net is spread in the sight of the bird') and follow with a dissertation which seems to rely upon Proverbs 1.20 ('Wisdom crieth without'). You hold that Mr Callaghan and his colleagues have failed to learn their economic (and political) catechism and are leading us to perdition. You skate round the fact, tacitly admitted, that no majority could be found in the House of Commons which would do any better – but then, moving to the New Testament and hiding your light under a bushel, suggest that Mr Healey should be more specific about the criteria required to 'set our house in order' for the benefit of the IMF. You slate him for being 'woolly and homespun' but what about the way in which you use soft words to avoid hard numbers? (Try Proverbs 26.4.)

Was it less than three years ago that we suddenly had to meet a steep change in our fuel costs? At 1972/3 prices we now have to find, give or take a few shillings, some £4,000m. p.a. more to buy our fuel, and the only way we could have organised ourselves to do that, and continue to buy the wheat, iron ore, chrome, phosphates, timber and cocoa needed to maintain our living standards, was to use the capital equipment we had in 1973 (and that which has subsequently been commissioned) to obtain a prodigious increase in productivity. Has any section of the community even tried to do that – other than during the three-day week, when industry showed that it could organise itself to produce almost as much in a shorter working week when it had the will and the incentive? That occasion apart, most sections of the community, aided and abetted by the NS, cried and cry in unison 'My living standard is not to be cut'.

The reorganisation of industrial attitudes could not be brought about in a few months but it might have been done by now if the wailing Willies – the dockers and the doctors, the merchants and the miners – had refrained from complaining about how badly they were doing and had got on with the job of increasing the rate at which we can add value to our imports so that we can enjoy them. After all, to cover £4,000m. p.a., 10 million production workers must each add £400 p.a. to the commodities passing in front of them without securing any additional reward. The alternative is what we have seen, a falling pound which cuts the value of wages and of savings, and causes living standards to fall.

You seem to want to ignore such simple stuff and to join the chorus of 'We wuz robbed'. Instead, would you consider something a little more constructive? Give us, and Mr Healey, a costed programme of the measures which you would put into effect if you could, quantifying each as you describe it – e.g. how much specified import controls (if you want them) would benefit the net balance of payments – and drawing attention to the interactions arising from your proposals. Then, if you get your sums right, we will all have a set of rulers (the measuring kind) with which to assess not only the Government's performance but also your advocacy; and, who knows, we might all find ourselves facing in the same direction.

JOHN COLLINS

5 Shelley Road
Widnes

Where Life Has No Lessons

Sir, In criticising the low content validity of educational curricula, John Pugsley (NS 4 June) said: 'It seems obvious that teaching should never be a full-time job'. But while mixing practice with theory might improve us as teachers, it would not greatly change what is being taught. That depends on curricula and textbooks.

Consider, as an example, the teaching of numeracy, which many people find difficult. Statistics have mostly been taught through such things as frequency distributions, means, medians and modes, histograms, probability etc. Surely that is the right approach, and only better practical examples are needed? But no, it is not so. People seldom come across frequency distributions and probabilities in real life. Hence teaching them is largely irrelevant. Instead, we are commonly faced with undigested tables of numbers, but have not been taught to deal with them. The apparent gap between practice and theory here is therefore largely due to our teaching the wrong theory. I believe this to be true more generally.

A. S. C. EHRENBERG

London Business School
London NW1

Civil Servants' Unions

Sir, Christopher Huhne (NS 4 June) asserts, naïvely, that civil service unions maintain strict party political neutrality and are not influenced by Trotskyist and Communist groups. At this year's conference of the Civil and Public Services Association (220,000 members), affiliation to the Labour Party was advocated; Trotskyists and Communists were elected to the Executive; and delegates were harassed by CPSA extremists distributing a wide variety of revolutionary periodicals.

This year's conference also decided to allow all political pressure groups to canvass openly, so our mythical political neutrality is well and truly exploded. Does Mr Huhne believe that a Tory, a Liberal, an ordinary Labour member, or *even* a non-party trade unionist is a second-class union member and that only Marxists should run unions?

In 1952 special government measures (Radcliffe Report) had to be taken with all-party support to correct a serious situation because the civil service unions had been extremist infiltrated. In *Reader's Digest*, February 1976, I stated openly my genuine fears about the situation repeating itself, a view shared by many other civil servants, (as my large postbag proves). Yes, I was defeated as president by our block voting system but not 'decisively ejected' as Mr Huhne declares. Only a handful of card-carrying delegates were needed to control the key left-wing branches. It is significant that in the ballot for the Executive the following day I topped the poll (after

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

personally addressing conference). Political infighting is as commonplace in some civil service unions as elsewhere in the TU movement. For the record I have already been adopted by my supporters as next year's presidential candidate.

KATE LOSINSKA

45 Rectory Park
Sanderstead
South Croydon

Braine Storm

Sir, The function of the novelist is to show people as they are, not as middle-class Lefties think they ought to be. The reviewer's job is to assess the reality of the novelist's characters. Politics doesn't enter into it. My hero, like the majority of us, loathes and despises all politicians, but loathes and despises socialists the most, because they have their snouts deepest into the public trough.

Waiting for Sheila is, actually, mostly about love. I'm not of course so naïve as to expect the managing director of Julian Barnes (Hampstead) Ltd (NS 18 June) to know anything about love – or compassion or justice or honour or, indeed, any decent and spontaneous human feeling. How could he, since never in the whole of his life has he had a thought which wasn't based upon his own material advancement?

Whatever opinion Mr Barnes may have of my literary merits doesn't concern me; in any case many others don't share it. But I'm not going to be reproved for materialism by a thoroughgoing middle-class materialist. Because materialism – getting as much as you can and hanging on to it, whether it's three houses, a £100,000 TV fee, a 145-acre Sussex farm, or a £35,000 tax-free Common Market job – is what socialism is all about.

JOHN BRAINE

Pentons
Onslow Crescent
Woking

Unfair to Tribune

Sir, 'The British Left, unthinkable though the suggestion may be to some, could be wrong,' writes my old friend and comrade, Mervyn Jones (NS 18 June). Wrong about what? A government of 'national unity' in Britain or in Italy? I'm certain of one thing: the 'Left' which this newspaper represents has never questioned the Berlinguer concept of the 'historical compromise' in Italy. Indeed, we were one of the first papers in this country to examine with interest and sympathy the whole of the argument put forward by the Italian CP.

However, what is applicable to Italian experience may have little or no relevance in this country. But Mervyn Jones's further assertion that the Italian communists 'aren't keen on our Labour Left's programme of nationalising one industry after another . . .' doesn't quite fit in with my very frequent discussions with leaders of the Italian CP (or, for that matter, the 'programme' of Labour's Left). My observation of their policy is that they believe, along with us, that you can have public ownership without socialism, but you can't have socialism without public ownership. Unless the public sector is dominant (remember the phrase, 'commanding heights'?) then the private sector dictates the course of economic life – and with it much of social life as well.

RICHARD CLEMENTS
Editor

Tribune
24 St John Street
London EC1

New Ways with Discrimination

Sir, In these days when the sensationalism of some of the national press is rightly under surveillance, we should not forget that our provincial newspapers are able to manage the technique of the unnecessary smear quite well on their own account. Recently a perfectly ordinary motoring offence case (no MOT and tax expired) was headlined by the *Cornishman*: 'Unemployed Man's Car Offence'. Curious, I phoned the Penzance employment exchange and was told that at that time there were 1,040 unemployed men resident in the Penzance area.

Curiouser, I went through the newspaper to see if other headlines reflected the same interest with a person's occupation. They did not, or course. Since in the motoring offence in question the occupation or lack of occupation of the individual concerned can have had no bearing on the case, and indeed was not brought up in any way by the magistrates – but was, however, *deliberately* highlighted by the newspaper – there appears only one logical conclusion to be drawn. The days of racial discrimination may be drawing to a close; but, not to worry, Penzance's only local newspaper has now discovered a new form of journalistic approach – calculated social discrimination. It makes, to say the least, food for thought.

DENYS VAL BAKER

The Mill House
St Buryan
Penzance
Cornwall

Sir, Sex discrimination is now illegal and so is race discrimination. Why not discrimination on the grounds of age? Jobs are now open to people of either sex and any race – why not of any age? If a job can be done by either man or woman, white or black, why may this 'person' not be over 30 or 40 or 50? This blatant injustice ought to be removed. Its abolition is long overdue.

INGE HYDE

8 Queen Court
Queen Square
London WC1

The Boy Friends

Sir, Michael Davie, reviewing Christopher Hollis's *Oxford In The Twenties* (NS 11 June), remarks that 'One of the few members of the university to concern himself with politics was the scientist J. B. S. Haldane . . .' This is to repeat an old myth about the non-political Twenties at Oxford. Hollis and I were in December 1919 the two winners of Brackenbury History Scholarships to Balliol. Hollis, although he was president of the Union, was at that time not very politically minded. So were the majority of the 'contemporaries and near-contemporaries' listed by your reviewer. Claud Cockburn is an obvious exception. I am another: I was sent down for two terms by the infamous Dr Farnell, the Vice-Chancellor and inspirer of Leslie Hore-Belisha's series of articles on 'Farnellism and Crime'. This was for politics: I was joint editor of the *Free Oxford.* Other 'political' contemporaries included Tom Driberg, David Fyfe (Lord Kilmuir), Gerald Gardiner, Kenneth Lindsay, Malcolm MacDonald, Andrew Rothstein and Tom Wintringham. Politically-minded senior members of the university included, in addition to J. B. S. Haldane, A. D. Lindsay, J. L. Stocks and A. J. Carlyle.

To label as non-political a generation which saw the foundation of the OU Labour Club, of *New Oxford* and *Free Oxford,* while the Conservative and Liberal Clubs were fully active, is a travesty. It is true that Hollis and I shared the experience as undergraduates of living in a Oxford Indian summer. It is not true that the 'vintage crop' of mainly non-political undergraduates listed by your reviewer was not complemented by an equally long and not undistinguished list of those who were politically-minded.

CHARLES H. GRAY

12 Northbridge Street
Robertsbridge
Sussex

Where We Came In

Sir, You referred to me in an article on 21 May concerning events with which I was not connected.

I proposed as early as 1955 to stop immigration into our already overcrowded island and would thus have prevented present disorder, but have always stressed that immigrants should be treated with courtesy and consideration when they are here. In the coming economic crisis reasonable policies for repatriation on a large scale can be both practical and welcome.

Your reference to Cable Street was erroneous. Five months after that event candidates supporting me polled nearly 20 per cent of the votes recorded throughout the area in question. The mob at Cable Street was imported from afar to cause a riot, and the Commissioner of Police then banned the proposed march and meetings. Three nights later I held all the meetings originally planned with enthusiastic local audiences.

OSWALD MOSLEY

1 Rue des Lacs
Orsay 91
France

The Public School

Sir, I am engaged on a commissioned history of the British public school and would be most grateful if any of your readers had information which they thought might be of use, or interest to me. I am just as concerned with girls' schools, progressive schools and minor public schools as I am with the larger and more well-known examples of that institution.

JONATHAN GATHORNE-HARDY

32 Edna Street
London SW11

Rhodesian Gremlins

Sir, May I correct one or two typographical errors which seem to have crept into my piece on Rhodesia (NS 18 June)? The references to 'party' apartheid should of course have read 'petty'. The names of the two sub-groups of the Shona tribe should have read Manyika and Karanga instead of Kanyike and Naranga.

CHRIS MULLIN

208 Britton Road
London SW4

Ascot *v.* TUC

Sir, Crucifer was quite wrong (London Diary 18 June) to criticise the BBC for devoting over seven hours to Ascot and not even an hour to the Trades Union Congress. It was not a matter of class but of entertainment.

Everybody knows that committees of the various unions decide beforehand which way their million or so votes will be cast. Everybody assumes, I hope rightly, that the results of Ascot races depend on the horses and riders alone.

Until the TUC adapts its procedure so that the debate can actually influence the result, I doubt whether its proceedings will attract a wide audience of licence-holders.

BERTRAND T. WHITEHEAD

14 Church Street
Buckingham

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & ARTS

Malcolm Muggeridge

A Man for All Heresies

A History of Christianity by PAUL JOHNSON *Weidenfeld* £7.00

Paul Johnson's study of Christianity, from his namesake Apostle to Pope John XXIII, more particularly in relation to the role in world history of the Roman Catholic Church and other institutional manifestations, can only be described as masterly. It combines a great wealth of scholarship, including many fascinating byways as well as the main highways, with a vigorous, confident style, a kind of innate intensity which carries the narrative along so that it rarely falters and is never dull. The reader may find it hard to decide at this or that point just where the author stands, but at no point will he doubt that he is a believer; essentially a man of religion rather than of progress in any of its current varieties – Old Mao, Bicentennial Special, Lucky Jim, Kremlinware or Majority Rule (series three).

Of the scholarship, I should not myself venture to offer a critique, though no doubt, like all scholarship idiosyncratically expressed and for use rather than for ostentation, it is open to disparagement – as, for instance, was Gibbon's. In any case, Johnson's own particular fancies and prejudices are not hidden under a bushel, but stand out like Roman Candles on Guy Fawkes Night. St Paul, the Apostle who disentangled Christianity from Judaism, thereby transforming it into a universal religion and the basis for a great civilisation, receives a fine accolade, and his Epistle to the Romans a very high rating as a key Christian document, alike in modern and ancient times, Karl Barth notwithstanding. Confuting Nietzsche's contemptuous dismissal of Paul as a 'morbid crank', Johnson writes, 'but the truth is that Paul did not invent Christianity or pervert it: he rescued it from extinction'; and of the difference between the theology of Jesus and of Paul, that it is not merely that 'the one is implicit, the other explicit; it is that Jesus saw as a God, Paul thought as a man'.

On the other hand, St Augustine gets a pretty rough ride and his *City of God* – to me a great illumination of our human condition – no more than cursory treatment. St Benedict is praised to the skies for his sorting out of monastic excesses and excrescences, St Francis is barely mentioned, and his friars little esteemed, whereas the migration eastwards of St Columbanus and his Irish monks is lyrically described as 'one of the most remarkable expeditions in history'.

In their long white habits, carrying curved staffs, and around their necks waterbottles and pouches containing holy relics and consecrated wafers, it is easy to believe that they created a sensational impression as they travelled through Gaul, especially as their tonsures were wrong. Instead of a shaven crown,

> they had their hair long at the back and, on the shaven front part, a half-circle of hair from one ear to the other, leaving a band across the forehead.

I bet some of them had red hair, too!

It is, however, Erasmus, the Christian humanist and harbinger of the Enlightenment to come – and incidentally probably the only notable theologian and near-saint with the requisite gifts to make a distinguished editor of the NS – who in Johnson's estimation stands out as pre-eminently a hero of the Christian story. Johnson sees him as the originator of a Third Force which might have saved Europe from the turmoil and conflicts of the Reformation. At the same time, he admits that it would be quite incorrect to see 'the Lutheran movement as a catastrophe which prevented the carrying through of an Erasmian programme within a framework of Christian unity'. Luther, the Goth, saw much more clearly than Erasmus 'what forces and emotions moved men to action in the early 16th century and which institutions carried weight'. Might not the same thing be said, perhaps, about Stalin, the Georgian, in the 20th century, and his heirs and successors, by comparison with the enlightened promoters of another Third Force, this time under the auspices of Johnson's beloved Pope John and his Vatican Council, likewise directed towards carrying through an Erasmian programme within a framework of Christian unity?

Inevitably, heresies of one kind and another have an important place in Johnson's narrative. He tends to look favourably on the ones like Arianism and Pelagianism which swing the balance between God and Man on to the human side, and unfavourably on the ones like Jansenism and Manichaeism which takes a poorish view of our mortal existence. The Donatists get a nod despite their ascetic ways, perhaps because Augustine was so down on them, and the Albigenses despite their Manichaean tendencies compare favourably with the crusaders who murdered them, showing mercy neither to order, nor age, nor sex. Deep distaste for the Jansenists' ascetic ways and 'huge and baleful pessimism' induces a sharp attack on poor Pascal, whose life, character and writings, especially the *Pensées*, so enchant me. Johnson recognises his wonderful skill as a controversialist – his writing 'clear, profound, wise and savagely witty', adding that if only he had been born a century later 'he might have rivalled Voltaire in demolishing organised religion'. This, to me, is like saying that if only Emily Brontë had been born a century later she might have written novels like D. H. Lawrence.

The Inquisition on the whole gets off comparatively lightly. I suppose the fact is that, compared with our 20th-century efforts in the same field – the KGB, the Gestapo and the Sir Galahads of the American media – the old Vatican model seems rather creaky and ineffectual. Similarly, the Crusades evoke less furious indignation than at one time they might have seemed to deserve, doubtless again because of the performance of our own liberating armies, freedom fighters and other such venturers. Johnson observes sadly that

> the hopeful dawn Erasmus noted broadened into a tempestuous day where sensible and civilised men had to shout to make their voices heard above the winds of violence, cruelty and superstition.

It would be even more difficult today to detect a hopeful dawn breaking, or any abatement in the shouting voices, despite much ostensible liberalising endeavour in the Curia, the episcopal residences and the presbyteries.

It is a huge and crowded canvas, a timespan of 2,000 years; a narrative full of sound and fury, of sublime acts of self-abnegation and others of crazy exhibitionism – a St Francis naked on the naked earth, a Simon Stylites squatting for 37 years on the top of his column. A tremendous theme running through 20 centuries of history; a cosmic soap opera involving kings and beggars, philosophers and crackpots, scholars and illiterate *exaltés*, popes and pilgrims and wild anchorites in the wilderness, with a story-line at once of infinite variety and inexorable necessity. Action and characters arranged, like iron filings in a magnetic field, in accordance with the pull of a single force – that of the drama of a birth, a ministry, a death and a resurrection in Galilee; the Logos in action, with the Word becoming flesh to dwell among us, full of grace and truth.

Johnson works out his own presentation of it all with verve, imaginative insight and the lofty self-confidence of a practised editorialist. At times, I must admit, the admonition of Pope Benedict XIV that he quotes echoed in my mind as I read on: 'Let us take care not to mistake passion for zeal.' There have, of course, been any number of other presentations, differently devised on different assumptions. How well I remember (but who else does?) how Hilaire Belloc, with the connivance of his Sancho Panza, G. K. Chesterton, worked out his own *Apologia Pro Ecclesia Sua*, displaying the same flair for orthodoxy that Johnson does for unorthodoxy. And nowadays there is always that death blow for all historical patterns –

Among this week's contributors:

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE's most recent book, *Jesus: The Man Who Lives*, appeared last year.

STEVEN LUKES is a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, where he teaches politics. He is the author of *Emile Durkheim, His Life and Works*, and *Individualism and Power, a Radical View*, published by Macmillan.

PETER CONRAD is the author of *The Victorian Treasure House* and is currently working on a study of Wagner.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the computer, a sort of mechanical Namier: vide *Time on the Cross*. Johnson's version stands as that of the cradle Catholic with humanist inclinations, the aspiring unbeliever who cannot shake himself clear of his built-in beliefs – in that I am not looking for God I am looking for Him. All the world in a grain of sand, Blake wrote, and sometimes all of a book in its index. What about this from Johnson's: 'sex, *see* marriage'? Then: 'marriage: Catholic Church's view of contraception'.

In his Epilogue, a noble piece of writing, Johnson points out how his account of Christianity has necessarily stressed its failures and shortcomings and institutional distortions. But, he goes on,

> as an exercise in perfectionism Christianity cannot succeed, even by its internal definitions . . . Its strength lies in its just estimate of Man as a fallible creature with immortal longings.

He is Adam after the Fall, but Adam with a conscience, and the possibility through the Incarnation of being reborn into what the Apostle Paul called 'the glorious liberty of the children of God,' the only lasting liberty there is. In other words, though he is involved in history, he transcends it. Thus, properly speaking, there can be no history of Christianity, only of Christendom and Man's efforts to create a continuing city here on earth. Christianity writes its own history in the lives of individual Christians and, we may be sure, will go on so doing whatever may happen to Christendom.

Steven Lukes

Contingency Plan

Late Capitalism by ERNEST MANDEL *New Left Books* £9.50
Capitalism in Crisis: Inflation and the State by ANDREW GAMBLE and PAUL WALTON *Macmillan* £8.95 and £2.95
Class in a Capitalist Society: A Study of Contemporary Britain by JOHN WESTERGAARD and HENRIETTA RESLER *Heinemann* £5.50

For Marxists, as Gamble and Walton remark, crisis and contradiction are inseparable from capitalist reality. But Marxists differ in how they understand crisis and contradiction. For some, successive crises are inherent in the logic of capitalist reality, which Marxist theory correctly analyses, and the last crisis to come is insurmountable, because in the end its contradictions are irresolvable: capitalism has nowhere to go but to its death. Others, noting that the crises have been resolved, are less certain about the coming, let alone the imminence, of the last crisis: contradictions throw up remedies and capitalism has a way of acquiring new and unexpected leases of life. For some, Marxist theory provides a cognitive map of the past, present and future: only the details and timing of developments are contingent, variable and subject to human agency. For others, Marxism is less a correct theory furnishing knowledge, confirmed by history and practice, than a perspective which makes better sense than any other of an otherwise opaque reality.

Many Marxist economists tend towards the former view, perhaps because they have to hand an integrated body of theory about mechanisms which they are anyway committed to seeing as basic. Their business, following Marx, is to identify and apply the 'laws of motion' of capitalism. Thus Ernest Mandel, in this major work of synthesis, attempts to show that these abstract laws operate throughout the unfolding concrete history of contemporary capitalism. His thesis is that this history can be explained and understood only as a function of the interplay of six basic economic variables. He analyses it as a succession of 'long waves' of expansion and contraction from the Napoleonic Wars to the present. We are now, he claims, past the last long expansionary wave and at the beginning of a new long wave of recession and heightened social contradictions and class struggles which will bring the endemic crisis to explosion point. Neither technical progress nor state regulation can save a capitalism doomed to self-destruction.

Gamble and Walton's is a more popular and introductory work, but it takes a similar line. They focus on the British economy, whose crisis they see as revealing 'the essential nature of capitalism'. That crisis results from the 'barriers to further private accumulation', these being the international monetary system, the falling rate of profit and the state, whose expansion threatens continued capital accumulation. Like Mandel, they propose a breakdown theory. All governments can do is postpone, by fuelling inflation, capitalism's long-term decline. The only choice they see is between vainly attempting to ride out the storm and creating a new order by extending further the role of the state towards 'some kind of radical social democracy' and ultimately towards socialism. As opposed to Mandel's apocalyptic Trotskyism, they propose a sort of toughened-up Bennery.

Marxist sociologists and historians, however, tend to treat their Marxism as a framework of interpretation rather than a 'correct' theory, perhaps because they are less sure that they have identified all the key mechanisms at work: they are more aware of all those factors, especially within the so-called 'superstructure', which undermine the logic of capitalism and delay its destruction. Westergaard and Resler's impressively lucid and well-documented book is not an application of abstract theory but an 'interpretation of the class structure of Britain . . . which is both Marxist and anchored in empirical fact'. They are struck by the 'crude and paradoxical fact' of capitalism's survival and the ways in which it contains the threats engendered by its internal contradictions. Throughout, their analysis stresses the perennial risk that this containment may break down, a risk that has been more real since the late Sixties. Capitalism's survival is, for them, an open question.

They trace the 'concrete structure of inequality – the cleavages of economic position, power and associated chances in life' which are the hard core of class. They portray these various inequalities as mutually reinforcing and resistant to piecemeal reform, and as overlaying inequalities of sex, age, region and colour. Persisting inequalities of condition and security are, they claim, determined primarily by private ownership, and associated control of the productive apparatus. The working of labour market mechanisms and state policies of taxation and the provision of public benefits are secondary determinants, themselves shaped by the predominance of private capital (a contestable claim, this, given the inequalities in state socialist societies).

The authors examine these inequalities of condition in a convincing and integrated manner; they avoid the sort of fragmented diagnosis which focuses on urban poverty or racial discrimination in isolation from the wider structures of inequality. They show how the Welfare State primarily redistributes income within rather than between classes, how the structure of earnings and employment conditions in the labour market reflects broad (though changing) class differences, and the continuing and extreme concentration of property ownership. Rising aspirations in the face of these inequalities pose two still open questions: can there be a limited redistribution of wealth within the capitalist framework? Even if so, will capitalism survive?

This is clearly a question of power, and the most interesting part of the book is an extended discussion of the continuing power of capital, not just of capitalists and managers but the 'power inherent in anonymous social mechanisms and assumptions', found 'more in uneventful routine than in conscious and active exercises of will', which serve to foreclose options and institutionalise conflict. Here they argue that the power of capital has neither been tamed from within, through a divorce between ownership and control and the emergence of a 'responsible' managerial class, nor from without, by the constraints of an active state. On the contrary, they show how the state's public services and its growing involvement in the economy and labour relations perpetuate the structure of inequalities produced by property and the market.

That structure, and the barriers to opportunity and mobility within it (which they also subtly analyse) raise their recurrent open questions. What forms of consciousness, organisation and culture accompany these inequalities? What reactions are generated when aspirations are frustrated by them?

The authors are sensitive to all sides of these questions, to the coincidence of various forms of accommodation and revolt, to 'the ambivalence of British working-class imagery of society, the co-existence of active dissent, distrust and grudging acceptance of routine', to inhibitions and possibilities of labour opposition, as well as to the manifold

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forms of hegemonic power, conscious and anonymous.

Their view is that the continuing institutionalisation of class conflict is inherently precarious and has come to show a new vulnerability. In particular, the worker is increasingly tied to his work, his superiors and his society by the cash nexus alone, the market dependence of labour on capital. Whether it will break depends on whether the mechanisms of power and the complex inhibitions upon challenges to it continue to prevail.

This is an interpretation, not a 'correct' theory. It projects into the future possibilities whose realisation depends upon a range of contingencies clearly identified. Though it lacks certainty, it carries more conviction than the prophets of breakdown, whose narrowly-focused and rigorous theory promises more insight into social reality than it has yet delivered.

Paul Theroux

An English Visitor

Selected Essays by JOYCE CARY *Michael Joseph* £4.50

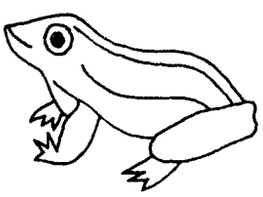
Like Cock Jarvis in the novel he was unable to finish, Joyce Cary was for much of his life 'a Conrad character, in a Kipling role'. His instinct was wholly democratic, but he knew too much about Africa to chuck his job and dismiss the Empire as a racket. He had gone to Nigeria to work, and as a diligent DC he took his road-building, map-making and legal reform seriously. He had power, he had subjects. Quite different from the prowling journalist that Kipling was in India, or the ideological escapee that Orwell was in the Burmese police force, Cary had joined the Colonial Service to prove to his prospective father-in-law that he could take responsibility. Then he was inspired by a sense of mission. Africa provided him with the education he lacked; it was an impossible place – it made him a writer.

His formal education hadn't helped him much. After Clifton and early sorrows (the deaths of both his mother and stepmother), he had a spell in Paris in 1906 and finally a bumpy ride through Oxford, where he finished abysmally with a Fourth Class degree. Literary life for him at the time was his friendship with John Middleton Murry, whose own problems – a prostitute-mistress, poverty relieved by cadging Cary's money, gonorrhoea – only intensified Cary's timidity. Meeting and falling in love with Gerty Ogilvie made him purposeful; a sojourn with the Red Cross in Montenegro encouraged in him a taste for adventure, which the dangers of the Cameroons Campaign intensified, but it was not until his home leave in 1916 and his marriage to Gerty that he began to write in earnest. Gerty became pregnant on the honeymoon, but Cary left her soon after for Nigeria, and from then until 1919 he remained in Africa, his occasional leaves enlarging his family and making Gerty more frantic. He was industriously occupied in the colony, with his people and his writing, and though life for Gerty (living with her parents in England, raising her children alone) could not have been more difficult, it is clear that Cary left Africa with reluctance and only after Gerty had issued him an ultimatum.

Cary's characters are usually in impossible positions. They are innocents, life's misfits, who can't bear the betrayal of infidelity and yet force themselves to make allowances for it. Isn't love justifiable waywardness, not cheating? Cock Jarvis loves his wife as much as he loves Thompson, the man cuckolding him, but a million words of the novel did not lead Cary any closer to answering that question. Nina Nimmo, in *A Prisoner of Grace*, respects her husband Chester but feels a physical attraction for the muscular scoundrel Jim Latter. The disastrous liaison is concluded in *Not Honour More*, where Jim gives his version. As Cary's trilogies show, there are at least three sides to every story, and the wheedling wife-beating Gully Jimson of *Herself Surprised* is markedly unlike Jimson the painter in *The Horse's Mouth*, harassed by apocalypse and made a buffoon by fame. Sara Monday progresses from lover to lover, and though she has cooking on the brain (as Nina has 'a brackety mind') she becomes the victim of her own generous morality, trying to be all things to all men: wife, mistress, servant, punch-bag – and mother (she mentions her children so casually and infrequently one suspects the novelist of forgetting he'd lumbered her with them). The sympathetic colonial officer that Cary was – an Englishman in Nigeria, whose compassion could not be mistaken for weakness, writer and ruler – was in a cleft stick; the evacuee Charley Brown in *Charley is My Darling* is as much among savages and suffering estrangement and social dislocation as Mr Johnson in Fada.

Cary began writing seriously in 1916; his writing sprawled, he started novels, abandoned them, wrote stories and developed a habit of writing what he called 'a big scene' and then inventing a plot for it to make it a novel. It must have made writing difficult (and I would have thought robbed him of writing's chief pleasure: surprise); it makes some of his books lopsided; and when Graham Greene described Cary's method to me he was chuckling rather sadly and shaking his head. On leaving Nigeria, Cary burnt most of his manuscripts. And he could: he had published a number of stories in the *Saturday Evening*

Prafulla Mohanti



INDIAN VILLAGE TALES £4.00

'They are delightful, with the combination of timelessness and simplicity of stories conveyed by ear and yet susceptible to improvised elaboration in the telling. They illuminate the way of life and philosophy of the inhabitants of an Indian village.' *Times Literary Supplement*

'A real quality of magic yet life is never far away . . . delightful illustrations by the author and is elegantly produced . . . it's irresistible.' *Daily Telegraph*

and

MY VILLAGE, MY LIFE £4.50

'One of the most beautiful books I have ever read . . . it moves so subtly . . . that judgement and enthusiasm chase on each other's heel. Throughout a unique intelligence, questioning yet accepting, guides us through Nanpur's lanes and India's mind.' *The Listener*

Davis-Poynter Ltd
20 Garrick Street
London WC2E 8BJ

New list available on request

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post, but that success (he was paid very well for them) did not sustain him for very long. The *Post* lost interest in his stories almost as soon as he took up residence in England. He continued to write, with very small reward, and it was not until 1932 that his first novel, *Aissa Saved* (begun in 1928), was published. M. M. Mahood's *Cary's Africa* (1964) is an illuminating guide to the African novels, but even her highly intelligent appraisal of *Aissa* does not persuade me that this book is anything but a muddle.

The greatly undervalued Cary novel, and certainly one of his best, is *An American Visitor*, which appeared the year after *Aissa*. Bewsher (Cary's names are always superb: Bonser, Preedy, the Clenches, the Beeders, Lepper, Mr Carrot) bears some resemblance to Cock Jarvis in his preoccupations with his people and the colonial routine; but in this novel Cary produces a likeable contradiction, and it is interesting that it is a type of person that does not emerge convincingly in fiction with an African setting until 30 years later. American, female, an anarchist who enjoys whiffs of the pastoral, Marie Hasluck is the embodiment of the antagonistic vision that colonial officers hated. Cary shows how this woman's idealism is to be tested from the very first page: alluding to Marie, an old African says that whites 'have set their hearts on the vanities of this world', and he is interrupted by another African 'with a remark that everybody knew where Hasluck had placed her heart; and he added a suggestion so obscene and droll that even the old *mallam* laughed'. By degrees, Marie sees herself to be naïve, a softie, and her distrust of Africans and her disappointment reconcile her to Bewsher, whom she eventually marries. She recognises how wrong she's been:

> She gazed across the uneven floor, in waves of light and shadow which trembled in the flicker of the yellow lamp flames, and saw Obai and Uli walking hand in hand across the residency compound in Kunama, two of the most beautiful men she had ever seen, of the noblest carriage, the frankest look. They had been her Greeks of the fifth century, moving in friendship over the bright worn pavements of the Agora and discussing Plato's last discourse. But Obai and Uli had been talking about Bewsher (the first time she had heard his name) and probably they had been talking nonsense, like their Greek prototypes.

The reverie continues, the present corrects the past ('The golden age of Greece. Galleys full of agonised rowers bleeding under the whip – chained to battered leaking ships . . .') and then the whole folly of colonised Africa is revealed:

> But the voyage was over. They would soon reach harbour. No, of course, there weren't any harbours for the spirit, no rest. The slaves were chained, the captains, prisoners of the ship. And some day Bewsher would crack his whip for the last time. They would throw his old carcase into the sea, Gore would lie drowned among the rats, and she, if she did not die before, would toil on across the black waves – to nowhere – the ship itself, the ship of the whole earth, was rotting under their feet, at last it would open up in space like a burst basket.

Cary's understanding of Marie is profound; the novel is violent, but it is also one of his funniest, and violence and comedy are combined with insight in the chapter he gives to the Africans palavering about how to take power by killing Bewsher.

For many years Cary was praised quietly, but it was a long time before he made real money – it came, as it had in 1919, from America, when in 1944 the Book of the Month Club chose *The Horse's Mouth* as their Main Selection. He continued to work as he always had, writing several books at a time, trying to think of a superstructure for his big scenes. After the death of his wife in 1949 he worked even harder, began another trilogy (published posthumously as *The Captive and the Free*) and still puzzled over *Cock Jarvis*.

It was in these last years that he wrote most of the pieces which are just now being published under the title *Selected Essays*. His name was made, and it is obvious that the ideas for the pieces arose from magazine editors who wanted him as a contributor. One can imagine the editorial requests ('Can you give us a few thousand words on your favourite sport? – he chose polo; 'How about someone for our Great Writers Rediscovered series?' – he chose Surtees). He did a workmanlike piece for *Holiday* on Westminster Abbey and a sensible piece on America – by now he was on the lecture circuit – for the *Saturday Review*. He wrote about writing and about novelists of the past whom he particularly liked – Tolstoy, Defoe, Anatole France. He gave interviews, and these are printed here: his chatty *Paris Review* conversation, and a rather ghoulish one for what could only have been an intrusive reporter for *Coronet*: Cary was 68 and very ill, and the interview, called 'A Great Author Faces Up to Death', reads like an obituary. The best pieces are reminiscences of his childhood in 'Barney Magonagel' and 'Cromwell House', and of his years in Nigeria, 'Africa Yesterday: One Ruler's Burden' and the poignant 'Christmas in Africa'. But Cary was no essayist. These are plain unsubtle responses to straightforward requests for copy and have little of the illustration, the imagery or the humour of his novels. He had practised novel-writing for too long to take the magazine market seriously.

'I have more unfinished novels than published ones,' he wrote for a BBC broadcast. Two of the unfinished novels have now been published, but these frayed ends of his fiction have taught me more about writing than any number of masterpieces. It is the imperfect that is most instructive, and since Cary is never false it hardly matters that Preedy's sermon is interrupted, that Jimson is two people, Sara three and Jarvis a mass of fragments. Like *Edwin Drood*, *St Ives* and *Weir of Hermiston*, their fascination is inexhaustible because they are incomplete. Whenever I am idle I choose a Cary novel in the way I might seek a friend's company, and it is not long before I am encouraged, inspired to write. It is a relief to me that Michael Joseph has kept Cary's novels in print and, more, that I have half a dozen still to read.

THE HOME OF MAN
Barbara Ward
By the year 2000 the number of city dwellers will have risen to 3,000 million – over half of the world's population. The global impact of this dramatic shift from rural to urban life is the subject of the U.N. 'Habitat' conference in Vancouver, and of this sequel to *Only One Earth*. Barbara Ward dissects community problems, examines their causes and suggests some plausible paths toward their solution.
"A virtuoso display . . . Miss Ward's trenchant treatise should lend guidance and hope both to the parley and to all concerned with the urban predicament." –
New York Times
Published jointly by André Deutsch £3.75 and Penguin Books £1.00

Peter Conrad

Gold Droppings

The Secret Life of Salvador Dali by SALVADOR DALI translated by Haakon M. Chevalier *Vision Press* £8.95 and £4.95
The Unspeakable Confessions of Salvador Dali as told to André Parinaud and translated by Harold J. Salemson *W. H. Allen* £5.95

Dali has no secret life, since his career has depended on his public flagrancy; and in the course of half a century of self-dramatisation, his confessions have proved eminently, indeed garrulously speakable. The titles of his books of scabrous reminiscence exemplify his delusion about himself. For, mesmerised by his own propaganda, he is convinced that his art is less significant than his antics, which in truth are almost dolnishly tedious; and he imagines his surrealism to be luridly inane and dangerously irrational when in fact it is so lucid as to seem desiccated.

Ever since he took to confecting window displays for Fifth Avenue department stores perambulating with cheetahs and admonishing the press with 15-metre loaves of bread Dali has ceased to be an artist and become an entrepreneur. Tired of making art, he now wishes to *be* art. His sainted body whose motions he records and whose whims he serves with the penitential vanity of the dandy, is now proferred as his masterpiece Filthiness, for him, is next to godliness, and he turns scatology into eschatology. Th *Unspeakable Confessions* serves up hi bodily emissions as artistic statements. Hi stools are ingots of gold, or else asceticall blanched and lyrically odourless; his farts ar diphthonged and musically modulated; h comes in eruptions of ivory sperm. Currentl he is preoccupied with projects for refriger ating this dear body after death, in th

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

confident expectation of its resurrection.

Of all Dali's self-conceits, the most wearisome is his conviction that his case is dazzingly original, for all his pretences have a lineage of conviction behind them. This corporeal self-canonisation mimics the sensual derangement of Baudelaire or the nobly altruistic self-love of Wilde. Dali derives from romantic dandyism his horror of nature, and his desire to exterminate it in himself by making himself over into art, armouring himself with affectation. He admits to a revulsion from the organic – among his bestiary of existentially disgusting objects are a decomposing hedgehog, the repellently ductile texture of eggs, the slobbery sliminess of fish and the fetid stickiness of telephones. The vileness of organic matter may be gelidly redeemed by art: as Dali himself is to hibernate in chemical silence at −270°C, so he recommends that telephones, disagreeably humid, should be set in silver buckets of crushed ice.

Dali's loathsome gastronomic tastes and the morphological comedy of his art both derive from this vengeful attitude to nature. The dandy longs to turn himself into a kind of crustacean, with an exoskeleton of protective mannerism, triumphantly and impenetrably unnatural, but he enjoys demonstrating the vulnerable naturalness of other creatures. Hence Dali's fondness for crushing the skulls of tiny birds and sucking their squashy brains, or for delicately extracting a snail's viscous entrails from its shell. Eating, shamingly necessary to sustain one's own residual physical existence, is justified if it pierces the envied defences of lesser creatures.

Form, Dali says, is 'the product of an inquisitorial process of matter', the nausea of matter constrained on all sides by choking space. Eating, he is a Grand Inquisitor formalistically punishing recalcitrant matter; painting, he tends to be more sympathetic, dramatising the formal plight of objects tortured by space – his soft watches, for instance, which he reveals were suggested by ripe streaming Camembert, itself an image of nature losing form in putrefaction. In the *Secret Life* certain barbed objects resist Dali's inflictions, with gruesome comic results: a leech which turns into a wart as Dali lances it; or a pimple of snot which, as he attempts to remove it from a toilet wall, defends itself by biting through his finger.

Despite himself, Dali is a rationalist, pained by the formlessness of nature and the internecine strife of matter. He is anarchic on principle; his delirium is systematic. Like Warhol, another dandy who envies the steely impersonality of machines, Dali calls himself 'one fantastic transmutation machine'. Surrealism, like allegory, was a science of analogy, except that in allegory the connections are emblematic whereas in surrealism they are associative. But the arbitrariness of association is regulated by inquisitorial psychoanalysis, absurd in its excess of rationality, like the helpful footnote in the *Confessions* which decodes the loss of a tooth as an ejection of sperm.

Turning the rocks of his native landscape into camels or anvils or dead women, Dali, like Wordsworth, is abolishing nature by meditatively allegorising it as an image of thought. The same witty dematerialisation is applied to furniture: Dali forced a chair through the process of self-inquisition by changing its leather seat for one of chocolate, screwing a door-knob on one of its feet and balancing another leg in a glass of beer. Rescued from vulgar utility, the object became an 'atmospheric chair', just as the landscape of Port Lligat is dissipated by Dali into a mental atmosphere and thus saved from the dull solidity of matter.

These two books are virtually interchangeable, sharing the same repertory of anecdotes. Convinced of the sanctity of his conversational droppings as he is of the mystic quality of his stools, Dali tends to run on. He is, however, harmless: the outrages of yesterday seem comical today.

Derek Mahon

What's Your Sign?

Room to Breathe by JENNY JAMES *Coventure* £4.25
The God Trip by JOHN EYRE *Peter Owen* £4.50
Thomas Merton on Zen *Sheldon Press* £4.95 and £2.50

Coventure Publications, with a London address, describes itself in its publicity brochure as a 'cottage industry'. Coventure books, the publisher hopes,

> can help you find a personal pathway to emotional, mental or spiritual growth, and some may even give pointers to the question beyond all questions: what is the meaning of your life?

Forthcoming titles include *Shrunk to Fit* (an attack on conventional psychiatry), *Astrology and Consciousness* ('a synthesis of astrology and psychology, the twin pillars on which the coming science of man will be based'), and *A Vision of the Aquarian Age* ('for those who would see perhaps the most important book of their lives'). Glancing over this list, one has an overpowering sense of *déjà lu*. No one who has set foot inside a London bookshop during the last ten years will find anything remotely novel about such adumbrations. The astrology bit, in particular, is surely due for a rest; for, as that bastard Edmund puts it in *King Lear*, 'We make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars . . . as if we were fools by heavenly compulsion.' There is a great deal to be said for transforming the world, or at any rate people's apprehension of it; but a mechanical and semi-literate devotion to half-baked ideas hardly seems the best way to start.

In the three books under review the ideas become progressively more baked. The first two are autobiographical, the last expository. Jenny James writes from a Donegal commune called Atlantis, John Eyre from a ruined abbey in Glastonbury, and the late Thomas Merton (1915-68) from an American monastery: he was a monk of the Cistercian Order of Strict Observance. *Room to Breathe* is the story of a suburban, middle-class English girl who dropped out. She left her conventional family and boring grammar school (where she had the beginnings of a nymphomania problem), threw herself into 'non-violent direct action' in England, Germany, Greece and Cambodia, and had experience of gaols and deportation

MURIEL SPARK
THE TAKEOVER
'A dazzlingly ingenious comedy' *Janice Elliott, Sunday Telegraph*
'Brilliantly stylish, cunningly contrived' *Gabriel Pearson, Guardian*
'Witty, inventive and wonderfully self-possessed' *David Lodge, Times Literary Supplement*
'A corker of a novel' *Auberon Waugh, Evening Standard*
£3.95 MACMILLAN LONDON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

orders. Men went on being a problem. There were too many in too quick succession, perhaps because Ms James was more intelligent than they were and soon lost patience (she is an Aries). Her early life seems to have passed in a frenzy of hysterical concern for the plight of humanity; and this, one senses, not out of a simple generous impulse but out of a need, also, to externalise the fears that possessed her. Eventually she got in touch with the Reichian therapist David Boadella (whose *Lifestreams* is also available from Coventure), and their correspondence, clinical or poetic, constitutes much of the text. Ms James now practises therapy herself in Atlantis.

On the dust jacket of John Eyre's *The God Trip* there are two photographs, before and after, of the author. The first shows a smiling, bespectacled, short-haired, greying, smartly dressed man, perhaps a journalist, certainly a NEW STATESMAN reader, 'at the start of his journey', and the second a smiling, naked-eyed, bearded, long-haired, grey, loosely dressed ruffian, probably a beachcomber, 'on his return'. Like Buddha before him, Mr Eyre left hearth and home and, at the age of 48, set out on the hippie trail, sleeping rough in Crete, Jerusalem and Goa. He is clearly a man of spirit (an ex-soldier, he helped to found the Ex-Service Movement for Peace whose influence circumscribed Britain's involvement in Korea); and a highly literate one, referring confidently to Swedenborg, Confucius, Thomas à Kempis and the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius. Yet these attributes are somehow diminished by a doctrinaire reliance on the Tarot pack, *I Ching*, and other predictable properties.

Alone of the three, *Thomas Merton on Zen*, a selection from Merton's American books, is both sensible and illuminating, accessible and distinguished – a work in the same range as Huxley's *Perennial Philosophy*. 'Enlightenment,' says Merton,

> is not a matter of trifling with the facticity of ordinary life and spiriting it all away. Nirvana is found in the midst of the world around us; truth is not *somewhere else*.

Spaced-out Aquarians please note.

PENTHOUSE

'Our invisible government will continue unelected, unaccountable and unidentified, to mishandle our affairs and squander our money to the point where democracy itself is called into question.'

This is the electrifying conclusion that Chris Hitchins, associate editor of the New Statesman, reaches in the July issue of **Penthouse** in his major article on the civil service. Everyone who cares for the future of parliamentary democracy in Britain should read it.

THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT

In PENTHOUSE this month
132 pages. 60p.
On sale NOW

John Raymond

The Rivals

Canning by PETER DIXON *Weidenfeld* £7.50
Castlereagh by JOHN W. DERRY *Allen Lane* £7.50 and £3.75

In theory, the ideal setting for the enjoyment of political biography is located in the famous *Punch* cartoon of the two young and supremely ambitious MPs, Winston Churchill and F. E. Smith sitting side by side in the Commons, their heads buried in Monypenny and Buckle's *Life* of Disraeli. 'Travelled in the East – like me.' 'Made a famous maiden speech – like me.' Together, raptly turning the page: 'How does it end?'

In the case of the famous pair under review, we know well how their stories ended. Castlereagh cut his throat under stress of overwork and (if one accepts Montgomery Hyde's theory) victimisation at the hands of a blackmailing gang that had framed and were mulcting him for the same offence as the Bishop of Clogher who, in the summer of 1822, 'had been caught in a London tavern, engaging in homosexual acts with a guardsman'. Canning, after a public life of singular energy and dexterity, marred by what his contemporaries called his 'vaulting ambition', got to the top of the greasy pole but lasted a bare hundred days as Prime Minister, dying in 1827.

They were deadspit rivals in life and their biographers have continued the conflict posthumously, each in an appropriate manner. Mr Dixon does so with a pungent but distanced even-mindedness, the confidence of a committed biographer who knows that he has an enthralling story to tell and that his narrative contains a heap of other lively transactions and a huge and varied cast of interesting characters. Even the famous Canning-Castlereagh duel of 1809 is for him merely a notorious episode and a major setback in the life of his hero. It must be seen as taking its place in the sequence of Canning's irrational actions – that gnawing hunger for power and leadership that caused his corrosive hatred and contempt for Addington, his public pooh-poohing of Portland, spurning of Perceval, distrust of Hawkesbury (Lord Liverpool to be) and total assertion of his claim to be Pitt's direct and legitimate successor. It was Pitt, his great but disillusioned patron, who spoke sadly to his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, of his one-time disciple's 'ungovernable ambition and impatience of idleness and obscurity'.

In what began as a move to unseat Castlereagh and ended as an attempt to get himself made prime minister, Canning did more than merely bandy words with his sovereign. The audience at which he discussed his rivals frankly with the King, threatened to retire if Perceval were chosen but told him 'that if the Government failed to stand he would have an alternative in Canning and his friends', must truly have been 'the most extraordinary' conversation that George III had ever had to listen to.

Mr Derry's essay in the 'British Political Biography' series is a study of political behaviour and tradition rather than a conventional life, but the writer is by no means hampered by this. He sticks conscientiously, with an air of rectitudinous triumph even, to his brief, content to hope that what he has written about Castlereagh

> will do something however modest, to rescue him from the abuse of posterity and from the caricature that presents him as inhuman in his personal character, rigid in his thinking and inflexible in his conduct.

In place of Shelley's ill-met murderer, we have a paragon of the moral and political virtues – loyalty, integrity, understanding, foresight, sensitivity, self-control, etc. For Mr Derry as for his fellow-worshipper, Dr Kissinger, Castlereagh was an envisager of the 'art of the necessary', a man 'attuned to the mature exercise of power', an accepter of 'restraints on his own freedom of action', a 'self-directed' statesman. A nonpareil, in fact. Mr Derry is a distinguished historian – one remembers his incisive study of *The Fox-North Coalition* (1969) in which a great deal of human motivation got its come-uppance – and his assessment may well be correct. Yet his stridently reiterative and over-insistent panegyric has the effect of his blameless and much traduced hero's imposing himself as an insufferable bore upon the general reader; one longs for some of the obloquy from which Mr Derry has with such seeming fairness and so skilfully delivered him – the Irish Union, Walcheren and the rest – to be reapportioned. He was certainly a consummate negotiator and the transition from his system to Canning's was not nearly as revolutionary as the pundits once tried to make out.

One returns to bold, brazen, brass-tongued Canning with a sigh of human relief. At least he was his own worst enemy – and reading this vivid but unpitying biography, one has the feeling that long before the end of his crowded yet too short life Canning knew it. Thirteen years in the wilderness without the seals of office must have been a prison-stretch to a man like him, yet it is in just these years that he wins our sympathy. His youth, so highly creditable, is most unsympathetic. Hazlitt's 'the cleverest boy at Eton', who became father to 'perhaps, the cleverest man in the House of Commons', was a phrase-pat youth, but his life belied his performance. The young man who lectured his mother – not only a bad actress but a bad chooser besides – on public opinion and her profession, never

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

used the allowance he paid her 'as a sanction against her continuing on the stage, despite the harm he feared it might do to his career'.

I am grateful to Mr Dixon for dealing as shortly as he can with *The Anti-Jacobin* and the rest of Canning's jeers and broadsides. Today (with all respect to the great Saintsbury) even the anthology pieces leave a caustic, factitious taste in the mouth, not to speak of the residue that goes beyond the anthologies. He writes well of the belligerent anti-feminist strain in Canning's nature (citing the witty and adorable Lady Bessborough as reluctant witness), and describes the marriage to an agreeable heiress that made him (fatally for himself, as things turned out) independent of Pitt. Above all, he sees the personally radical element in Canning as part of his essence:

> . . . Windham's definition of Jacobinism as the revolt of the talents of a country against its property helps to illuminate Canning's position, for his career more than that of any of his contemporaries was the assertion of the claims of personal brilliance against inherited position.

In this sense Canning was not only the passing inspiration of the adventurers and amateur stock-jobbers of *Vivian Grey* but the direct mentor and political guide of young Benjamin Disraeli himself.

Alan Ryan

Right-Thinking

Social Justice by DAVID MILLER *Oxford* £8.50

Anyone writing about social justice during the past years has inevitably written in the shadow of John Rawls. Although there are grounds for regarding *A Theory of Justice* as a spectacular failure, its status among philosophers, and the curious hold it exerts on many of its readers, is suggested by the way its reviewers continually refer back to Mill's *Utilitarianism* and Kant's *Groundwork of the Metaphysics of Morals*, both of them essays which seem at one and the same time to be argumentative disasters and yet to contain the truth if only one could extract it. David Miller has done his best to resist the impulse to rewrite Rawls; indeed, the underlying theme of *Social Justice* is that no such theory as that provided by Rawls can possibly be right. Rawls's procedure was to construct an account of justice from two sources – the first, a consideration of what rational, selfish men would contract to observe in the way of rules governing their social interaction, the second, an appeal to 'our intuitions' about when we would call the distribution of the benefits and burdens of social life a just distribution.

Miller's case is that 'we' don't have one set of intuitions on which a theory of justice can be grounded, and that the intuitions we do have are so tied in with the sort of society we live in and the sort of society we think possible that no process of reasoning in a 'state of nature' could yield recognisable judgments about justice at all. Men who were sufficiently detached from any given culture to be men in a state of nature would be men deprived of the resources to make sense of the idea of justice at all. The less ambitious but more illuminating road is to ask what sorts of consideration we commonly appeal to in actual social settings, when we claim that the distribution of benefits and burdens is just or unjust; to show the coherence of a theory of justice is to show that a viable society could pursue justice so construed; to explain our own conception of justice is, eventually, to see what sort of society we (think we) live in.

So, this book engages in three rather different tasks. The first is a familiar looking piece of conceptual analysis, in which Miller argues that we commonly think of justice as *suum cuique*, giving each man his due; the interesting arguments are those concerned with how we establish what his due is, and the claim here is that we appeal to *rights*, *deserts*, and *needs*. Miller argues, correctly, that appeals to justice are essentially 'backward looking' – they are concerned with what it is about the individual that justifies treating him in some way, not with the future benefit that will result from such treatment. We may think it better if people don't insist on their rights, but rights are just the sort of thing you *can* insist on, even at some cost to the general welfare. We might be grateful if the more able or the more energetic did their best for the good of society out of sheer altruism, but we aren't inclined to deny that they *deserve* some sort of reward if they should ask for it. And we similarly don't deny that a person in great need has a better claim to, say, medical treatment than do the rest of us, even if there's no reason to suppose that such a distribution of resources maximises utility or whatever.

The second part of the book is an account of three thinkers who have espoused a rights, a desert and a needs conception of justice. In many ways, the discussion of Hume, Spencer and Kropotkin respectively is the best thing in the book. For, as Miller says, almost no one has taken Kropotkin seriously as a moral theorist, while the discussion of Herbert Spencer has largely been confined to his sociology, and the political philosophy of Hume has been much less carefully examined than has the rest of his philosophy. I think most readers will find the demonstration of the differences between Hume and his utilitarian successors persuasive and enlightening – essentially, Hume was much more fearful of social change than they, much more insistent on protecting *entrenched* rights, much more inclined to see commercial rivalry turning into something like class war. Humean justice, the view of justice as giving men what they have recognised rights to, is the philosophy of a society of stable rank and privilege, not that of a society based on freedom of contract.

The contractual picture is, of course, that of Spencer; we get what we deserve, and are thus treated justly when there is freedom of contract, for only then are we rewarded in proportion to what we contribute to others. There are some obvious problems about such a view, and Miller picks up many of them – whether equality of bargaining power can be preserved, for instance, whether stability of expectations is compatible with the need to diminish inherited advantages. Miller is not, perhaps, as sympathetic as he ought to be to Spencer's basic principle that an industrial society is not and ought not to be a family writ large, and he exaggerates the extent to which Spencer's views were provincial Victorian commonplaces, but he allows one to see a good many of Spencer's virtues too. Kropotkin emerges as the defender of human solidarity – distribution according to need will work only if we are disinclined to make the most of opportunities for getting what we can out of other people. None the less, as Miller points out, this was not supposed to require a Rousseauist return to primitive simplicity – whether federated communes really would allow one to have the advantages of industrial society without its obvious drawbacks is another question, and one which Dr Miller does not try to answer.

Since the argument of *Social Justice* is that competing views of justice *fit* different social settings, it is right that it ends by looking at the conceptions of justice held

Victor Cazalet
ROBERT RHODES JAMES

'Robert Rhodes James has performed one of his usual miracles . . . with this expert resurrection of so remarkable a character as Victor Cazalet.'
Colin R. Coote, Daily Telegraph

'Cazalet's qualities were at once exceptional and typical of a strain in public life which needs to be preserved. As with all successful biographies, it is difficult to say which is more indebted to the other, the subject or the writer.'
C. M. Woodhouse, The Observer

£5·95
Hamish Hamilton

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in primitive, feudal, commercial and contemporary societies. The difficulty of doing any such thing is too obvious to bear mentioning; but Dr Miller makes life even more difficult by being so ready to acknowledge that everyday speech gives few clues to the conception of justice underlying everyday claims about what is or is not fair – an acknowledgment which in effect discredits a major part of our evidence about the moral views people do in fact hold. He concludes that primitive societies have *no* conception of justice, that the exigencies of existence make them collectivist and utilitarian; that feudal societies have a Humean conception of justice as the recognition of established rights and duties; that commercial societies adhere to a Spencerian conception of justice as desert; and that we appear to combine both these conceptions with some attachment to distribution on the basis of need. Wisely, Dr Miller eschews any attempt to show whose views are *right*.

It would take a book as long as *Social Justice* to pick up all the loose threads left dangling by Dr Miller. Those who find the view of primitive societies as the first 'affluent societies' at all persuasive will find the whole of Dr Miller's moral anthropology unpersuasive; his views on the analysis of 'needs' are unconvincing, and his attachment to the old-fashioned, snobbish and uncomprehending belief that women want washing machines in order to acquire social status, not because they need them, is quite inexplicable. At one point Dr Miller suggests that our standards of 'merit' are based on the good that meritorious qualities do either to society or to their possessor, then goes on:

> It is hard to see how sexual prowess, which is regarded as meritorious by the Nagas, contributes to the well-being either of its possessor or of his society.

This is the most glaring example of a claim which is either just wrong, or else unnecessarily inscrutable, but there are enough like it to make *Social Justice* a disquietingly ragged piece of argumentation.

PUBLISHED TODAY

Would another long dry summer in Britain herald a new ice age?

What do forest fires in Hampshire have to do with crop failures in Russia?

John Gribbin's

FORECASTS FAMINES AND FREEZES

explores the global weather crisis and sounds a grim warning . . .

Hardback £4.95

from bookshops

WILDWOOD HOUSE Ltd

Valentine Cunningham

Speed Kills

The October Circle by ROBERT LITTELL *Hodder & Stoughton* £3.50

A Family Failing by OLIVER KNOX *Collins* £3.95

The Bride Price by BUCHI EMECHETA *Allison & Busby* £3.50

Circus, a tight arena of licensed buffoons, gargoyles, and animals schooled for routines safely performable only within the limits imposed by cages, high-wires and trapezes, has become for the European imagination an inevitable mirror-image of the urban world. With Lear and the Fool, Dickens's Sleary, or Dostoevsky's crazed Mrs Marmeladeov and her troupe of children dancing to her frying-pan drum on the Voznessensky Bridge, grotesque play appears less a mad escape from normality than a reasonable comment on the normal madness. Robert Littell's superb new fiction exploits this tradition with all the vividness and imaginative vulgarity that Fellini has brought to it.

A motley medley of old Bulgarian socialists – a world-record-holding cyclist, a monocycling mime returned from the camps, a tired poet scavenging in the dustbins of Sofia for the concrete images of our time – make habitually wry spectacle out of the collapsed revolutionary ideals they live amidst. Naturally they absorb into their continual performance first their hopes and then their despairs over Dubcek and the Czech awakening. And, confident of their survival – they believe they exist inerasably in photographs, in history books, in their audience's minds – they use theatre to protest against Bulgarian complicity in the Czech invasion. But when troops seal off the square they're demonstrating in, an efficient annihilation begins. A courtroom may become a stage, but the magician gets five years' hard. The National Hero immolates himself bang in the middle of the National Liberation parade, but Party propaganda soon gives his protest the lie. The friends bury him to the music of a circus band, with borrowed circus horses to pull the hearse, but the streets stay blank, except for the odd flower or medal surreptitiously flung, and his photographs and burying place are speedily erased. The circus is rounded up – the poet in a garbage collector's uniform, the mime trapped literally in the glass cage of a revolving door that he had once mimed being imprisoned in. Uniquely, the cyclist escapes in a cross-border bike race, only to be returned by unsympathetic Greek Intelligence who just want ratters on socialism. The inability of this extraordinarily engaging pictorial circus, this exhilaratingly imaginative (and exhilaratingly imagined) world to survive the killing hand of the politicals makes grim reading. Except that Mr Littell contrives to make the Racer's refusal to compromise with the Greeks a kind of triumph. Something, it's impressed on us, may after all come of the resilience of the man who once rode a bike at 200 kilometers an hour – in the vacuum created by a plexi-glass shield bolted to the back of a speeding Mercedes.

Oliver Knox's *A Family Failing* goes in for nothing so attention-grabbing. Indeed it appears to offer only the most crumbily dog-eared of excuses for an opening ploy: a tetchy old General writing his memoirs in the later Forties, tin-trunk of documents and occasional cocoa cup at hand. Oh no, you flinch, not another very English concoction about a middle-class family in disarray and decline, with sons called Alistair and Michael who had 'good wars' and now have less good marriages with ladies named Celia and Helen, and enjoy rivals called Alan and children dubbed Osbert and Emma. Oh yes, the novel appears insistently to riposte; and what's more the General's memoirs will be unblushingly succeeded by Emma's diary (the mid-Fifties) and Osbert's jottings (the late Sixties).

But the patina of bourgeois and formally boring verdigris proves on inspection to cover a fine state of fictional cunning in something admirably near the artful manner of Ford Madox Ford. The bumbling military narrator with his polite British incuriosity – he's never, he boasts, encouraged confidences from his children – becomes the aptest of muddy filters for a tale whose precise outlines are never to become clear. Alistair did something unspeakable to some German prisoners, which remains only hinted at, despite Alan's masterfully unclarifying insistences, 'do you see?'. And for all Emma's successful diggings about and claims to *know*, we never learn whose hand pulls the trigger on Alistair, just as we aren't ever told quite what Osbert did between trains to the Madame in the brothel at Bletchley. The plug is finally pulled on the reader's avidity to decipher the truth when Osbert, having aired yet more enigmatic letters from yet another tin trunk, declares his memories to have been satisfactorily sorted out, and anyway, 'writing for my own eyes absolves me from the necessity of pandering to others' curiosity: of answering the vulgar question *what happened next?*' The politest of refusals, nicely characteristic of the novel's well-bred but nonetheless steely skirmishing with *le roman de refus*.

A world away, again, for *The Bride Price*, a captivating Nigerian novel lovingly but unsentimentally written, about the survival of ancient marriage customs in modern Nigeria. Widowed with a son and daughter still to educate, Ma Blackie is forced to leave Lagos, and in the country, ping-ponged between new urban and old rura values, mission ways and pagan habits Nigerian custom and British laws, Aku nna falls in love with her schoolmaste Chike. Kidnapped by a rival suitor, she' forced to elope with Chike and dies – a superstition knows she must because th bride price remains unpaid – in childbirth It's an un-naïvely composed world, o ballad-like simplicity, enlivened by tenderl beautiful descriptions of breast feeding lovers touching and the deathbed scene o Aku-nna. Her second novel proves Buch Emecheta to be a considerable writer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Slumbering Giant

The Iceman Cometh *Aldwych*
Troilus and Cressida *Young Vic*
Irene *Adelphi*
Baggage *Vaudeville*

The truth, it is said, will set you free – but from what and for what? Those very pertinent questions get the glummest of answers from Eugene O'Neill. In swaggers Hickey, the super-salesman, into the shabby saloon where the *Iceman* occurs, his sample-case packed with promises of peace and content. He will relieve the assembled bums and whores of their 'pipe-dreams', those lingering hopes and beliefs which, so he supposes, are rotting their minds more cruelly than the brackish whisky they're drinking. And he succeeds, just briefly. Jimmy Tomorrow is forced to admit he'll never get back his newspaper job, Harry Hope that he hasn't the strength so much as to cross the road, others with less allegorical names that the future offers nothing but more white hairs, more liver spots in their already rheumy eyes. And do they thank him for this helpful information? No, they do not, no more than anyone thanks Gregers Werle for stripping Ekdal of his domestic illusions in Ibsen's *Wild Duck*. Truth, as Hickey should have known, is a form of aversion therapy, alienating people as much from themselves as from the booze that has hitherto kept them happy.

But, if that is so, why is the huckster himself as blithe as Norman Vincent Peale on this diet of honesty? Here O'Neill has an ironic and perhaps rather melodramatic revelation to make. Hickey has killed his wife, claiming he loved her and wished to save her from the misery of tolerating him. In fact, he subconsciously loathed her for her moral superiority. So he is boasting of a personal peace and content that's based, not on devotion to the truth, but on just another pipe-dream. It is one more of those lies which, O'Neill suggests, we all have to tell ourselves if we're to survive. This is a message with obvious aptness for the least stoical nation on earth, the one where even the humblest like to think that faith and fortune may suddenly transform squalor into success, today's Lazarus into tomorrow's Maecenas. But O'Neill clearly wants his microcosm of topers to stand for more than deprived America. Tear away anyone's pretensions, and underneath there's nothing but anger, hatred, a terrible feeling of inadequacy, those nameless guilts that always haunted O'Neill himself, that yearning for suicide which also, if more intermittently, plagued him.

Some have called this vision tragic, others dismissed it as overblown neurosis. Perhaps both parties are right, and it's a case of neurosis raised to the level of tragedy. Certainly, the *Iceman* is as powerful a piece as the modern theatre can offer, and not only because O'Neill pounds away at his subject for four-odd hours, like an obsessive chef with an intransigently tough piece of meat. When the original director suggested cuts on the grounds that he'd repeated some points 18 times, his answer was 'I intended them to be repeated 18 times'; and, weary though our withers may be by the final curtain, I don't think many of us would dispute the wisdom of that refusal. His emotional intensity justifies his technical persistence, and his technical persistence reinforces his emotional intensity. Technically, emotionally, philosophically, metaphysically, the play is equally relentless – and somehow fission occurs, the elements congeal, and relentlessness becomes art. By comparison *The Wild Duck* seems parochial stuff, a sermon warning us against the pseudo-Ibsenite, the idealist with insufficient self-knowledge or understanding of others. In the *Iceman*, the object of O'Neill's rage and compassion is nothing less than pseudo-man: which is to say, man in his social, political, economic, sexual and all those other aspects represented by this conclave of drifters. It is a bleak, crazy, massive and finally marvellous play.

It still stands there, a hulking blend of folly and fortress, however you rattle its walls with objections. Let me raise just one of many, which is that O'Neill exaggerates the happiness of men who have learned to lie to themselves. His saloon is based on Jimmy-the-Priest's, a New York dive where he once tried to kill himself and which, he said later, made *The Lower Depths* look like 'an icecream parlour'. But you wouldn't think so from the amiable indolence of the characters of the *Iceman* as they trade fibs over their firewater. Until Hickey comes to spoil the fun, like a bible-thumper in a brothel, it is a pretty agreeable gathering. You couldn't hope to find better company either in Gorki or in your average ice-cream parlour. Even the tough-guy barman, whose saving illusion is that he isn't a pimp, and that the girls in his stable are 'tarts' and not 'whores', spends most of the play being genially Runyonesque; and the moment when he pulls a gun on a friend is one of the evening's few fatuities, though this may be partly because the actor playing him, Bob Hoskins, doesn't do enough to distinguish between the character before and after Hickey has scraped the scales off everyone's eyes.

Actually, that turns out to be the main trouble with Howard Davies's production, steamily unrolling beneath the dank grey of a set marooned somewhere between a South American prison and a north of England railway station. It is sensitive, surprisingly humorous, but just a bit sentimental. Where's the violence that Hickey's revelations unleash, the 'hatred' and 'resentful callousness' demanded by O'Neill's characteristically unequivocal stage directions? Still, the dreamy sottishness of the early scenes is admirably caught. So is that moment of moral collapse, failure at last acknowledged, when the cast sits staring waxenly ahead, embalmed in its collective misery. And there are many nicely judged performances, notably from Lynda Marchal, a cracked and tipsy trollop, and Alan Tilvern, whose Hickey is a rock-faced blend of George Wallace and J. Edgar Hoover, a hustler whose aggressive blandishments anyone would find hard to resist. This is the understudy who took over from the indisposed Ian Holm, and he should be proud of his tough, if charmless, performance. But then everyone in the RSC should be proud; it takes courage to revive this slumbering giant of a play, and, whatever the cavils, they've done well by it.

If the National Theatre's studio were ready, *Troilus and Cressida* would be playing there, and the production cramped into the Young Vic may therefore be taken as a sneak preview of the 'free', or free-ish, Shakespeare that Peter Hall promises. The hand of the director, Elijah Moshinsky, lies lightly on the text, though he has been careful to do one thing, which is distinguish between the courtly Trojans and the dourer, more politic Greeks. The first faction ambles and sprawls in ironed orange: the other wears baggy, dilapidated green-grey, and looks as if it's been beseiging the city for more than the supposed seven years. Roland Culver's Agamemnon is a moribund rhino, doddering and snuffling across the low-walled pen that constitutes the stage; Gawn Grainger's paunchy Ajax, with his absurdly waxed moustache, might have tumbled out of Richard Lester's *Four Musketeers*; and Nicholas Selby's Nestor, a grubby handkerchief knotted over his head, may be found mouldering on any beach this hot summer. But with Philip Locke's sharp, shrill Ulysses directing their jaded deliberations, the Greek scenes are good to hear as well as see, and certainly seem the best of a production that also offers Simon Ward's plain-man Troilus and Diana Quick as a Cressida more knowing than sensual, more a modern liberated girl than an easy Homeric lay.

Irene, vintage 1919, is a silly tale of poor-girl-made-good, and Julie Anthony's flaunting, swaggering acting doesn't make the main character less irritating. But the music helps, so do Kenneth Rowell's art-deco sets and costumes, and so does the most accomplished dancing in town. *Baggage* is a sustained opportunity for the author, Lee Langley, to express her exasperation at the sort of wordly charmer who has spent his life massaging his own ego and serenely exploiting wife, secretary, mistresses, everyone. Much of this is intelligently done, but, alas, about halfway through I simply stopped believing in it. That was during the scene in which a beatific miss turfs the son out of bed to accommodate the frustrated father, and the two young ones nod sadly but wisely over his subsequent shock. Miss Langley is entitled to find their generosity morally superior to his recriminations; but she should first ensure they're plausible characters, not idealised incubi.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Television

Ian Hamilton

Vigilantes

Although somewhat overshadowed last week by Kojak and Lord Wigg, Jimmy Goldsmith is surely still our least endearing litigant. One vaguely looked forward therefore to BBC-1's *Newsday* grilling of the knight – a man so ready to be stung ought surely to be lavish with the petulance, the boobs, the indiscretions that we all long for from our telly-chats. But no; apart from a mere fleck of oral foam when asked how he would run the country, Sir James was thoroughly Sir James throughout. Ludovic Kennedy didn't help much, with his customary air of killing time between appointments, but the real trouble – as of course it had to be – was that almost everything anyone wants to know about Goldsmith is either very private or *sub judice*. Kennedy trundled out a few hopefuls: '*Do you deserve a knighthood?*' 'It's agreeable to have one's work honoured'; '*What have you done to increase human happiness?*' (with happy smile) 'We produce excellent foods.' No joy there, so the whole thing sagged into general waffle about the state of the nation. On this topic, Sir James seemed a bit puzzled about why everyone is doing so badly when he is doing pretty well. I rather got the impression he feels sorry for us.

On a lower level of finance, *This Week* (Thames) produced a handful of real pitiables in the shape of small investors who had dumped their savings into crooked franchise schemes. The guilty men were named (with luck, they're all *sub judice* by now) and there were some stirringly grainy sequences in which 'a hidden camera' observed a *This Week* sleuth posing as an about-to-be-gulled hopeful. Watching the crook in action (he did cunning things like wanting a signature on a document before allowing a copy of it to be shown to a solicitor) it was hard to believe that anyone could ever have been taken in. It was quite amusing to see the sleuth fighting to maintain the correct air of credulity in the face of the untempting propositions. The crook, for his part, managed somehow to look genuinely camera-shy. At the end of the show, we were given an Esther Rantzen style list of Things to Look Out For – as if we couldn't possibly have been watching what had gone before. '*Never* sign a document without . . . etc.' A worthy enough probe, but I'd have thought rather small-time for *This Week*.

'An old hag with hideous lineaments and distorted person' is no way to describe a lady, and certainly not the homely witch-lady who served tea to the presenter of BBC-2's *The Lancashire Witches*. But she, it seems, gets really witchy only around Halloween, and in any case the programme wasn't about now (these days, we were told, all witches want is to recall loved ones from the dead). The idea was to research the true facts of the 1613 trial of the Witches of Pendle Hill. Could Old Chattox and 'the enigmatic Alice Nutter' really de-fertilise a surly farmer's crops by peeing on them? Did they instruct the trusty Black Dog to chew up passing tinkers? Or were they just Catholics pretending to be hooked on broomsticks as a cover for a quick, clandestine mass? Many ancient documents were presented, and many antique pieces of scenery were exhibited, and from time to time the hideous lineaments of an actress would re-enact something diabolical. But aside from knowing for certain that Old Chattox & Cov. got painfully put out of business, no one knew anything for certain. As if to acknowledge a certain pointlessness in the material we had just viewed, a homily was attached – to the effect that we ought to guard against intolerance. If we fail to guard against intolerance, things like McCarthyism and Nazi Germany tend to happen. Try to remember that.

A similarly topical warning was allowed to masquerade as the reason for Barlow and Watt's *Second Verdict* (BBC-1) re-opening of the John Dickman murder case. Barlow, as usual, seemed bored and incompetent, but Watt had a theory that the topped Dickman didn't do the job he was tried for, but that he did do another job that no one could pin on him. So what next, one might think shortsightedly. And, ah, short-sighted is the clue. You see (this is the way *they* talk, not me), the charge they did pin on him was to do with mistaken identity, of which there is far too much these days. So once again, we hadn't been wasting our time watching, as we'd thought, something old, boring and badly produced. Even in our semi-doze, we had been made more vigilant.

Music

Bayan Northcott

Backing Britten

Sacred and Profane and **Phaedra** *Radio 3*
A Birthday Hansel; **Canticle V**; **Suite for Harp** *Decca SXL 6788* £3.25

The ominous silence that followed Benjamin Britten's illness in 1973 was understandable. Deprived of interpretative – and, for many months – creative powers at the age of 59, many a composer would have given up altogether. The way that Britten has fought back, completing six new scores over the last two years, is the more remarkable considering that he is still permitted to work for only about an hour a day. Whether such circumstances should be allowed to condition our musical responses is another matter. The valedictory endings of at least four of the pieces are surely a warning to those who would like to hail them as the start of a far-reaching new phase. Yet the nostalgic simplicities of the orchestral *Suite on English Folk Tunes*: '*A time there was . . .*' Op. 90, which disappointed others at its first performance during last year's Aldeburgh festival, certainly add up to something more than mere self-imitation. My own feeling, in any case, is that the break has affected the music surprisingly little: that the new works carry forward tendencies already apparent in *Death in Venice* and before.

Perhaps the most striking of these has been Britten's increasing rescension of the sweetness and variety of his earlier music after the bleakly linear textures of the sixties. In *Sacred and Profane* Op. 91, a set of eight part-songs to medieval texts completed early last year and first broadcast on 31 May, the results are admittedly pretty miscellaneous. Somehow the haiku-like brevity of 'I mon waxe wod', with its arch little evocations of the 'fouls in the frith' and the 'fisshes in the flod', sits uneasily next to the ample blandness of 'Lenten is come', which harks back to the idiom of the *Five Flower Songs* of 1950, while a 'vernacular' ballad setting of 'Maiden in the mor lay' marked 'with parody' simply misfires. Yet the haunting harmony and floating soprano line of the best song, 'Yif ic of love can', sounds like a modal enrichment of the texture of one of Britten's earliest triumphs, the fourth of his choral variations, *A Boy Was Born*, written when he was 19.

If the grisly phantasmagoria of the final number, 'A Death', provides occasion for yet another of his sardonic mortuary tarantellas, the death scene of his new dramatic cantata, *Phaedra* Op. 93, attains a positively baroque gravity. Completed 10 months ago and launched with blazing conviction by its dedicatee, Janet Baker, at Aldeburgh last week, this is a setting of four speeches by Racine's heroine (in Robert Lowell's translation), skilfully chosen to sketch in the entire action of the play and arranged in the classical 'Italian cantata' form, including cello and harpsichord continuo for the linking recitatives. The tutti accompaniments for strings and percussion certainly contain their due complement of novel sonorous images – notably a strange, exalted strutting for the phrase, 'Phaedra in all her madness stands before you' – but a larger string body than the slightly weedy-sounding English Chamber orchestra of the first performance is surely needed to sustain the dangerously thin, fraught scherzo textures elsewhere in the score. Perhaps the real reason for the somewhat desultory overall effect, however, is Britten's failure – or refusal – ever quite to deliver a big, clinching melody, though the throbbing crescendi that twice create the expectation for one feature his richest harmonic progressions in years.

Whether the replacement of the cello by the harp in his affections is more cause or effect of his return to the delights of lustrous chords and chordal clashes, the exchange seems to date from the appearance of the *Suite for Harp* Op. 83 in 1969. Even in Osian Ellis's definitive new recording the work itself earns only a very modest place among the sets of genre pieces that have punctuated Britten's career, but its technical discoveries have clearly enhanced his more recent harp writings. *A Birthday Hansel* Op. 92 – a continuous setting of seven Burns lyrics for tenor and harp – is in fact, his one entirely happy recent work

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whether or not the commission for the 75th birthday of the Queen Mother has had anything to do with it, the years simply seemed to have dropped away. In settings such as 'My Early Walk' and 'The Winter', the gentle polytonality and melodic directness of his pre-war songs are born anew. Singers, alas, do not get any younger and Peter Pears's occasional uncertainty of pitch blurs some of Britten's subtler progressions. But no one who cherishes the lighter previous cycles, or for that matter the very early school songs, *Friday Afternoons*, is going to be disappointed by *A Birthday Hansel*.

All the same the best of the recent works is surely the first that Britten completed after his illness. *The Death of St Narcissus* from T. S. Eliot's *Poems written in early youth* might appear a queasy choice of text under the circumstances, and *Canticle V* Op. 89 for tenor and harp lasts less than seven minutes. Yet the conception that Britten is able to elaborate from a musical idea comprising little more than a pair of contrasting chords and a rhythmic flick is as cogent in its structure as it is pure, vivid and intense in its expression. Beyond all speculation about stylistic advances and retreats, it is this continuing mastery of the basic compositional dialectic that makes one so impatient for the recently finished Third String Quartet which will receive its first performance in December.

Films

John Coleman

Ladies First

Wives *Phoenix, East Finchley, now; Paris Pullman from 1 July*
Saturday Night at the Baths *Times Centa, Baker Street; Cinecenta 1; ABC Fulham Road*
Vampyr *Electric Cinema Club, Portobello Road*
Werner Hochbaum Retrospective *NFT from 28 June*
Mr Smith *Scene 3, Swiss Centre*

They're getting at me, mother. One minute I am being told yet again that I am a male chauvinist pig; the next, that I am probably a queen who would do well to come out of the closet. A fellow hardly knows where to put himself. Anja Breien's *Wives* might be seen as a mini-pendant, feminine and Norwegian, to John Cassavetes's *Husbands*. Three young married women, once classmates and chums, come together at a school reunion party after a lapse of some years. Wandering out into the early Oslo morning (in a typical gag, one of them tipsily vanishes momentarily down a hole in the grass), they go giggling into the day. Kaja (Katja Medbøe) is heavily pregnant, a solicitor's wife; Mie (Anne Marie Ottersen) bears a startling resemblance to Annie Girardot and has a neglectful husband who works too hard to occupy himself much with her and their three kids – 'I just blend in with the curtains,' she complains; 'What pattern are they?' asks Heidrun (Frøydis Armand), the third, who packs chocolates for a living and is separated from her man – 'Floral,' says Mie. This nicely calculated throwaway style sets the film's peculiarly agreeable and ambling tone. The trio, egging one another on, begin to behave like irresponsible chaps; or, at least, try to. It is all very charming, a bit skin-deep, but occasionally something very much more. By the end ('We can't stop now,' says Heidrun joyously, at which there is a freeze and the shaggy dodge title, 'But the film stops here'), they have been three nights away from domesticity, Heidrun has lost her job, Kaja's husband has set the police searching for her and Mie is no nearer to choosing between her uncomprehending spouse and oil-rig lover. The current fashion, of course, is to leave everything up in the air, this being reckoned in some quarters as more like life, or Life, and hence more honest.

The old aleatory bit generally registers, in fact, as an artistic cop-out, but not always (see Altman) and not here, where the piece is a trim 84 minutes, spiritedly played and brimming with pretty probable inventions. The women let themselves be picked up by a couple of randy photographers in a bar, go back to their studio, only to flee precipitately when Kaja, at a loose end, discovers an inflatable lady and blows her up: this item of rubber goods is all too evidently more than a photographer's prop. They soon rally, though: have a crazy conversation while the camera stares blandly at four loo doors, out of the end one of which a most respectable lady emerges first, with what dignity she can muster; stroll naughtily down the street, accosting men, man-style; 'It must be strenuous, being male,' they agree. To do her justice, the director shows her truants getting the odd comeuppance. Some winos on a park bench suddenly turn ugly: what are they but bourgeois bitches, taking a day off from their husbands? 'I expect they pay you for farting.' They fight like kids on the overnight ferry to Denmark. Heidrun confesses she has only pretended to have a child because the others have. Mie sobs over her love for two men. The residual impression of this engaging movie is scarcely of hard-core Women's Lib: just of three women, for a while, at liberty, protesting they are downtrodden but far from ready to start a revolution.

Co-written, co-produced and directed by David Buckley, *Saturday Night at the Baths* is gay, gay all the way, though only merry for the first reel or so. Without a closer knowledge of the American urban carousel, one must simply guess that this romantic tale of one Michael (Robert Aberdeen, a fetching blond), his girl friend Tracy (Ellen Sheppard) and Scotti (Don Scotti) and of how the men move towards something stronger than friendship (distributors' note to critics: '. . . 10 seconds of *visual* footage in the final love scene . . . will be replaced by a slow black fade in the release prints, anatomically covering the navel to the knee') is, however insecurely, founded on authentic premises. Mr Scotti was apparently manager and later master of ceremonies at the Continental Baths, a homosexual complex containing pools, bars, lounging areas and a night club, and it is to this place of dreadful, eternal night that Michael, out of *machismo* Montana, comes to play piano and find the 'truth' about himself. He bugs Scotti by calling him not 'normal'; his foolishly liberated Tracy is shocked at this hick crassness; feeling bad, Michael visits Scotti to apologise, explaining that his father interrupted while a pilot was hugging him in a hut one hunting-trip night when he was 12. 'My father never hugged me.' Later, Scotti is to say, so it's your father's fault *you're* not normal. It was about here my mind boggled and stayed in that fix till the bitter end. Talking of fixes, there is a great snickering sequence on pot, with such dialogue as, 'Say, where's the bathroom?' – 'Right there' – 'Oh, far out'. Drag-act fanciers may enjoy impersonations of Miranda, Bassey, Garland and Ross more than I did. Having as good as shoved Michael into Scotti's arms, the girl Tracy has the nerve to supply a hurt, dying fall: 'Where does this leave us?' How like a woman. Like nowhere, man.

The Electric has an historically fascinating triple bill, running till Saturday. Of two early experimental shorts, made by a couple of college professors, Dr James Sibley Watson and Melville Webber, working in Rochester, New York, *Lot in Sodom* (1933-34) and *The Fall of the House of Usher* (1928), the former shares with *Saturday Night* a desire to display the homo-erotic experience primarily as an aesthetic one. Watson and Webber's lipsticked youths writhe around in multiple dissolves: Buckley treats the nude male form as lingered-on landscape. If one may allow judgment to creep in, *Usher* is frankly risible and *Lot*, if one ignores the unpleasantly hook-nosed priest with what appears to be a knitted wig and facial hair, might have been credited to Aubrey Beardless. The big one in this programme is rather Carl Dreyer's *Vampyr* (1931), rehabilitated after too long. Dreyer produced versions in three languages, English, German and French, and the poorish print on show is clearly some kind of conflation, since the sparse dialogue is now in the first, now in the second of these. It is intensely a film of hints, eerie non sequiturs, barely pursuable yet striking images: a reflection in a river (but of what?); a dream of being encoffined with a wax candle stuck on the glass panel, an old woman's face peering down; the bird-like twitterings of one sister, the snarl of another, vampirised, from her sick-bed. Against the irritations of some strange casting of amateurs (the wicked doctor in particular is ludicrous), Dreyer somehow manages to imply horrors: evil wafts off the screen like a chill of bad breath.

Jottings: Werner Hochbaum directed a dozen films between 1929 and 1939, all to be seen in the NFT season. On the little evidence available to me (extracts from four features and the whole of his *Raid*, 1931), he was very German and very eclectic, turned on by low life, sleazy bars, city streets, waterfronts. *Raid* is a brutish anecdote, roughly 24 hours involving a sailor thief, a dance-hall girl and her pianist

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lover; and heavy-handed for my taste. A teddy bear lies athwart a doll: a workman shoots himself while a capitalist dines out. The Spring number of *Sight and Sound* has a useful article on Herr Hochbaum by David Robinson, responsible for this retrieval. The British Adrian Lyne's *Mr Smith*, a short accompanying *Savage Man, Savage Beast*, is worth a visit, given the parlous state of our domestic film-making. Peter Barkworth is the mild man of the title and the camera concentrates beadily on objects, people, as he writes a letter, washes glasses, visits a cafe, walks through a park, all as if for the first (and last) time. It hangs on burrishly in the memory.

Architecture

Nathan Silver

Show Place

As a commercial attraction, the new National Exhibition Centre, near Birmingham, was a fine idea. Despite evident improvidence in traffic handling, it was probably built in the right place (or one of the right places; London will go on fulfilling similar functions). The Centre will inspire trade, and earn back the cost in less than ten years for its quasi-public sponsors. But its interest extends further. Because as a building it is so direct, plain, simple, vast and yet disappointing, one worries about and seeks reasons for the disappointment. It works, so it must be good – but is this what 'good' needs to look like? Or is 'working' not enough? Aesthetically, the Centre provides a vivid example of the limits of straightforwardness. It may have been possible previously to think that an accumulation of little straightforward architectural decisions would ultimately lead, like a million roots gathering into a trunk, to simple magnificence. Yet looking at the National Exhibition Centre, that notion seems to be a utilitarian fallacy. To have great architecture in an exhibition building appears to take more than a good site, enough money and using a well-known exhibition architect.

The Centre lies between Birmingham and Coventry hard by Elmdon Airport, the M42, and on the Euston main line, where it is 80 minutes from London. Birmingham's City Council and Chamber of Commerce are the backers: they received government approval in 1970 and finished construction in early 1976 after a commendable 30 months' building programme, with Edward D. Mills & Partners as the architects, Ove Arup & Partners consulting engineers. It consists of a cluster of vast sheds or aircraft-hangar-like things, six of them, ranging in size from 85,000 to 268,000 square feet, and from 28 to 74 feet high without galleries (38 and 54 feet being the most common heights) – pretty huge. The visitor arriving by air or rail crosses a bridge which runs through the slick, overdesigned new railroad station, goes over the tracks, and then passes in mid-air, but blindly, through Hall 2 before arriving at a central rectangle, where permanent shops border a rectangular promenade which girdles a (locked) landscaped courtyard. Exhibitors' lounges, staff offices and a few central restaurants are in a multi-storey building adjacent.

The roughly million-square-foot building – or if it's easier to imagine, the 27 acres of flat roof – are surrounded by a truck access system including a curiously pointless underpass, car parks, a man-made lake for roof water catchment, a flavourless hotel with conference centre (the Birmingham Metropole by R. Siefert & Partners, the architects responsible also for general site development), an industrial estate, warehouses and workshops, eventually the new airport terminal, and everywhere else which isn't anyplace much, farmland.

Everything seems to work. The vast spaces were efficiently air-cooled on a warm day. Under-hall subways carry water, gas, electricity, waste, compressed air, and can be tapped into from the merest exhibition stand promoting compost makers or home sandalcraft kits. Catering, cleaning and security are provided by contractors on short-term trial runs – no disasters enduringly to be put up with. When I was there, one hall was in exhibition (a leather trade show), three others in the process of building up under energy-saving skylights. The relatively low number of visitors and the high number of exhibition builders carried on without apparent conflict. Overall, the only small signs of design breakdown were the so far ineradicable chewing gum laminae stuck to the knobbly paving in the central area, and the cars parked on the verge round all the exhibition halls.

It works; it will compete with other vast European exhibition centres; Earls Court and Olympia will need to watch out; why criticise? Because, as the National Exhibition Centre abundantly shows – indeed, with vivid effect, proves – a truly considerable work of architecture is more than this sort of 'good design', and this sort of client 'satisfaction' should never be confused with art. The most tireless accumulation of operational advantages and the most alert avoidance of defects somehow never add up to a fulfilling aesthetic whole – though a few orthodox functionalists persist in imagining they could. Like a would-be well-dressed man who follows the most boring rules, and then lets his wife pick out ties for him (for one saucy touch), the Centre is rulebook architecture, with saucy graphics by Negus & Negus stuck on afterwards.

Typically, the space-frame roof structures were chosen for erectibility rather than grandeur. I'm not saying space frames don't need to be erected easily, just that their primary function – after the necessity of holding up the roof – should be to look grand. Client 'satisfaction' isn't enough either, even as the main criterion of 'good design'. To satisfy should mean to fulfil, but it also means to exhaust. What's right by all reasonable standards in every detail can be very wrong, like the tasteful interior provided for the hero by aliens in *2001*: exhaustive, replete, the unsatisfactoriness of prosaic satisfaction. But I exaggerate. Here we have no alien miscalculation, but a humdrum collection of square gas holders.

Hugo Alvar Henrik Aalto's death in May should remind us that we have lived among giants who have built, among other things, great exhibition centres. Apart from the Master, whose humane considerations, if not commissions, precluded really vast stupefiers, we have been able relatively recently to contemplate Nervi's Turin hall of concrete ribs; Mies's unbuilt exhibition hall project; Konrad Wachsmann's immaculate steel space frame assemblages and Frei Otto's tensile structures; scarcely to mention Paxton, Eiffel, the Paris exhibition halls of great structural distinction in the 19th century, the German concrete halls of the early 20th century in Breslau and Leipzig, current American faceted-dome halls and stadia.

These days, it's true that what aspires to be virtuoso architecture often falls painfully short, and I have argued before the nearly opposite proposition that ultra-architecture sickens – there can be no miscalculation quite so permanently offensive as an egregious building. But somehow, I venture, it has come to be generally believed in modern Britain that really estimable architecture too, will embarrass with its showiness (and cost); that low-key, unarresting building

Norman MacCaig

Kingfisher

That kingfisher jewelling upstream
seems to leave a streak of itself behind it
in the bright air. The trees
are all the better of its passing.

It's not a mineral eater, though it looks it:
it doesn't nip nicks out of the edges
of rainbows. – It dives
into the burly water, then, perched
on a Japanese bough, gulps
into its own incandescence
a wisp of minnow, a warrior stickleback.
– Or it vanishes into its burrow, resplendent
Samurai returning home
to his stinking slum.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are what we should invariably be after – believed even by those who otherwise wonder why contemporary architecture is so bad. This may be the view of the good people who brought into existence the National Exhibition Centre near Birmingham. A sure cure for architecture is to dispose of it, and have 'good design' in its place. The way to get this result is to ignore the ablest architects, and instead commission experts.

Weekend Competition

No 2418 Set by E. O. Parrott

Competitors are asked for clerihews on regular or occasional contributors to the NS (including, of course, their good selves). By 9 July.

Result of No 2415 Set by Tim Hopkins

The end of the affair: we wanted brush-off letters from well-known writers.

Report by Little Keith

The comp. postbag has begun to bulge again as our competitors swan back from their springtime sprees in the casinos of Cannes and Monte Carlo, or from their sun-kissed hideaways in Mustique and Rio. A vast entry, even if many of the hopefuls were a little fat and scant of breath. There were a couple of quite clever minimalist efforts: 'You kept them on – therefore it's off' from S. J. Perelman (George Cowley), and 'Dear. End. Sam' from, of course, Beckett (Harry Gribble); whereas most people tended towards prolixity – anal maunderings from the likes of Henry James, which one could hardly bear to finish. Not so the winners, who are nearly spot-on. £6 each to them and £1.50 each to Messrs Cowley and Gribble. E. O. Parrott, by the way, has started sending me letter-bombs again (apparently Gerry Hamill owes him £3 for a misattributed *tanka* the other week). He has already deprived me of two secretaries in this fashion and I beg him to desist.

From William Wordsworth

Ah, mercy me! I'll ne'er forget
That night of love at Calais;
Now all is over, dear Annette,
Though we can still be pally.

E'en daffodils cannot assuage
my fond heart's dire dejection,
But Duty bids me turn the page
And end the French connection.

Of happiness we had our fill,
By cruel fate we're mastered;
Goodbye, dear girl. Your anguished Will.
PS: Love to our bastard.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

From Tom Eliot

. . . Yesterday, while reading Cavalcanti (to say nothing of Cino or Guinicelli), I was filled with disgust at the smell of cooking from the flat beneath me. I soon realised, however, that my disgust was in excess of the facts as they appeared and was occasioned, not by the external reality of my neighbour's curry (a case could be made for its having been risotto, but that must await another, more substantial letter), but by my being reminded of you, dear, and how badly you cook when you are reading Spinoza – for there is only good cooking, bad cooking and chaos (it is at least a tenable theory). Realising that I cannot ask you to dissociate yourself from Spinoza merely because I found in your Sunday spare ribs 'A bracelet of bright hair about the bone', it is with deepest regret that I declare myself to be no longer your loving, but still affectionate, Tom.

DENIS O. DONOGHUE

From Arnold Bennett

Dear —— Today I wrote 4,000 words before lunch plus an 800 word article for the *Evening Standard* which will earn me £100 (2/6d a word). I have 14 letters to write after this. My novel is almost completed and I'm proud to say I've succeeded in maintaining the punishing schedule I set myself – 140,000 words in three months. I propose to embark on a 600,000 word trilogy starting next Thursday afternoon. Due to pressure of work I won't be able to see you any more. I hope you can appreciate my difficulty. Incidentally, this brings my word total so far today to 4,950. Arnold.

PS: I hope you won't object if I use the above letter in a book containing my private letters and diaries to be published next year.

MARIAN DRIVE

From Evelyn Waugh

Your misspelt and ineptly executed communication is to hand. It epitomises as succinctly as may be your shallowness of character and lack of breeding. Your appeal to my love fails because you did not evoke that emotion; your attempt to provoke sexual response by references to details of your anatomy fails because of the revulsion they give rise to in retrospect; your blackmail fails also because your continued existence does not concern me. You cite reasons why I should entertain gratitude for every one of which I can point to occasions of boredom and exasperation. That I was ever attracted to you bespeaks your capacity for concealing vacuity by vivacity, ignorance by impertinence, artificiality by arrogance, and duplicity by duplicity; your snobbery, greed, sluttishness and lack of taste you cannot conceal. Do not write or telephone or, indeed, do anything to prevent my forgetting you forthwith. Evelyn Waugh.

JOHN LOCKE

Assiac

Chess Board

No 1387 Escaped the sacrifice

To continue the Thomas Hardy quotation (from *Cross-Currents*) he was 'distressed to make it', but a chessplayer (such as Korchnoi when White against Gligoric at Rijeka 1963) would consider this rank hypocrisy. /4k3/1pq2p2/3p3Kt/2p2QP1/P1PbP1K1/1P6/16/.

1) Ktf7:! No distress at all in the knowledge that the Kt is taboo because 2) Qc8† & 3) Qb7:† would lead to a Q-swop and an unstoppable RP. The actual sequel: . . . **d5; 2) Qe6†,Kf8; 3) Ktd6!**, and Black resigned because . . . de: would lead to Qe8†, followed by Ktf5† & g6††.

Nor, I presume, was Furman very distressed by a repeatedly unacceptable offer of his Queen when Black against Nikitin at Tbilisi 1959. / 8 / 1p1k1p2 / p2pp3 / 8 / 2Pkt1P2 / 8 / PP3Q2/KKt5q/.

1) . . . **Qg1!; 2) Qd2,Qe3!; 3) Qd1** The alternative Qh2 losing the vital f-pawn too, **Qf4:; 4) Ktc3, Qe3; 5) a3,Qe1!; 0-1.**

I took this from a remarkably and highly instructive study on endings with Queens and one or two pieces by Alex Angos (USA) serialised by *Schach-Echo* in quite a few instalments. Here (Blau-L. Schmid, Luzern 1963) is a most interesting specimen. What with the White lady practically goaled it must needs be a *zugzwang* battle of Queen v. K & Kt. /5kt1Q/5k1p/5pp1/16/1q3K1P/5PK1/8/.

1) Kth2,Qd5†; 2) Ktf3,Qe4; 3) Kg3,g5; 4) Ktg1 Nothing better since 4) Kg2,g4 would lose a piece and 4) Kth2,Qh4†; 5) Kg2,Ktg6 (thr . . . Ktf4†) would lose at least the h-pawn, **Qh4†; 5) Kg2,Qf4!** Badly in the zugzwang grip since 6) Kf1 fails against . . . Qh2 and 6) f3 against . . . Qe5! nor can he survive 6) Kte2,Qe4†; 7) Kf1,Qh1†; 8) Ktg1,Qh2; **6) Ktf3,g4; 7) Ktg1,gh:†; 8) Kth3:,Qg4†; 9) Kh2, Qf3!; 10) Ktg1,Qf2:†; 11) Kh1,Qg3!**; zugzwang again, and this time it'll cost the Kt. Hence, 0-1.

Now for Alekhine-Sämisch, Baden-Baden 1925 with White's passed plus-P reluctant to denude the K by immediate advance; nor is it feasible to march the K to the other wing. Hence, Alekhine decides on a K-side attack, holding the passed P back till after the Q-swop. /2kt1q3/6kp/5pp1/8/2B5/2Q2P2/1P4PP/1K6/.

1) Qd4!,Qe7; 2) Bd3! Preparing lots of pressure, **Qc7; 3) g4,Kf7** To guard against **g5; 4) h4,Ktb6; 5) .h5,gh:; 6) gh:,Kc6** Intending to counter Bh7: by . . . Qf3: with perpetual if White then grabbed the Kt; **7) Be4,Qb5; 8) h6!, Qb3; 9) Bc2!,Qb5; 10) Qd3** The threat of Qh7:† now forcing Q-swop and leaving Black with a hopeless ending since either his K or Kt will be reduced to sentry-duties protecting h7.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position from the recent Skopje tournament with great old Sam in the unaccustomed role of the sucker. How was White forced into quick surrender? For 6 ladder-points **B** is a win achieved in half a dozen moves. Why is the poor Black Lady for burning? **C** (for 7) a win too; it was suggested by J. Kelly, a Mauritius reader as his favourite Troitzky; and very pretty too seeing that agile Knight pirouetting to glory. Usual prizes, entries by 5 July.

A: Reshevsky-Ivanovic 1976: /4r3/b4pk1/p3p3/Pp1pPktpp/1Pr4q/2P2B2/3BRPPP/2R1Q2K/.

B: Mouterde: / 3q4 / 8 / 6K1 / 8 / 4kb2 /8 / 4Kt3/4Q3/.

C: A. Troitzky: /8/1p4p1/3Pp1p1/2P2pK1/Ppk5/16/4bKt2/.

Report on No. 1383 *Set 28 May*

A: 1) Qc2,e3; 2) Ktd3†; 3) Ktc5†; 4) Ktd7††. Or . . . **f3; 2) Qh2†; 3) Qh5†; 4) Qh8††.** Or . . . **d3; 2) Qc3†; 3) Qa5†; 4) Qc7††.**

B: 1) . . .**c3; 2) dc:,Ktc4; 3) cb:,Ra6; 4) b5, Ktcb6; 5) ba:,Bb7; 6) ab:†††.**

C: 1) f4,e5; 2) Kf2,Qf6; 3) Kg3,Qf4:†; etc.

D: 1) e8=Kt,Ba3; 2) Ktc7.Bc1; 3) Kta8,Ba3; 4) Ktb6,Bc1; 5) Ktc4,Ba3; 6) Ktb2,Bb2:†; 7) Ktf6†, Bf6:††. Or 1) . . .**Bb2†; 2) Kt(5)c3†,bc:; 3) Ktc3†:, Bc3:†; 4) Ktf6†,Bf6††.**

E: 1 Rb4,Rh4; 2) c4,Rc4:; 3) Bb5,Bd7; 4) Rd8 and wins since . . .**b1=Q** is countered by 5) Rd7:†, Ke4; 6) Bc4:, etc.

F: 1) Rb7,Qb7:; 2) Bg6:†,Kg6:; 3) Qg8†,Kf5: (Otherwise R mates); **4) Qg4†,Ke5; 5) Qh5†,Rf5** (or . . .f5; 6) Qh8; & 7) Qg7:††); **6) f4†,Bf4:** (or . . .Ktf4:; 7) Re4†,de:; 8) d4††); **7) Qe2:†,Be2:; 8) Re4†,de:; 9) d4††.**

Points-garnering galore. In **D** a5 acceptable. Prizes: G. Abrahams, M. Costacans, J. P. Ford, C. J. McSheehy, G. W. Richardson. Ladder 107 (slightly delayed by shortage of space): 1) A. J. Sobey (1048), 2) J. P. Ford (939), 3) T. G. Whitworth (872), 4) R. Brown (824). All back to scratch.

Report on No. 1384 *Set 4 June*

A: 1) h4!! and since the R can't move without being locked out by Bd5 Black's only move is . . . Bh6; and after 2) Rd5,Rd5:; 3) Bd5: the Black B is now robbed of the saving grace . . . Bg5.

B: 1) h6!,Kf8 Obviously . . . Bg4: fails against Ktg6†! and the P marches; **2) h7,Kg7; 3) Ktf7:!**, and if Black takes the P he loses his Bishop.

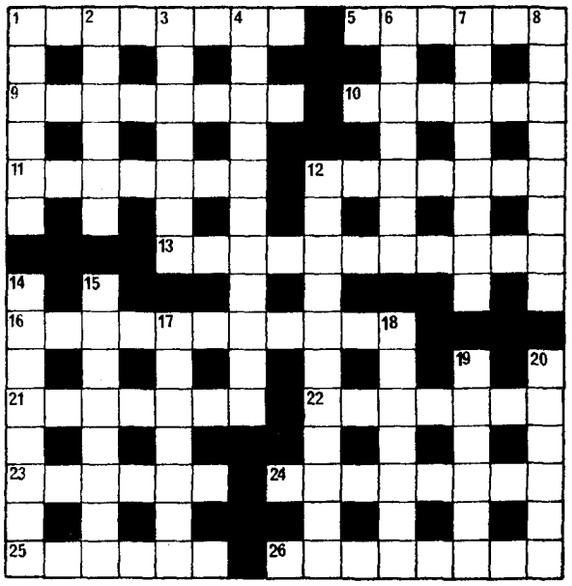
C: 1) Ktf5!,Ba8; 2) Ktd4+,Kc5; 3) Kte6+,Kc6; 4) Ktc7,Bb7; 5) Ktd5!, etc.

However neat Gligo's move, it appears that others (such as Rf7 or Rg5) would have done as well. Prizes: C. Allen, R. C. Chaturvedi, P. Hodgson, A. J. Sobey, T. G. Whitworth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weekend Crossword 1170

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1170, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 6 July.



ACROSS

1. Make grub seem to disappear in the drink (8).
5. Wine, except for what sounds like Falstaff's drink (6).
9. Sang live, being transformed into a musician (8).
10. Frolic which lands a doctor in prison (6).
11. Motorway hazard which is not intentional (7).
12. This John was a mythical priest-king (7).
13. Put off by what may be played by our seniors (11).
16. Songs given when one looks round a tribe (11).
21. Rovers or some other team (7).
22. Make an appeal in the centre at Lord's (7).
23. Messenger who makes a hundred in a different union (6).
24. Said when leaves were scattered in autumn (8).
25. 'Beauty's —— yet Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks' (*R and J*) (6).
26. Practical people want the last rise to be reviewed (8).

DOWN

1. Notice about a man's name forming an entry word (6).
2. Part of the body which is possibly barest (6).
3. 'A dust whom —— bore, shaped, made aware' (Brooke) (7).
4. Broken glass donned as a holiday attraction (6, 5).
6. Lover reveals what is universal in a mother (7).
7. Boat wrecked in clever piece of wrecking (8).
8. State in which there is racial trouble? (8).
12. Grow abundantly with the speed of professional existence (11).
14. Alienate, but not the orderly sergeant (8).
15. If one spent a year on these wages, it would fulfil one's desires (8).
17. Inclining or revolving without the West (7).
18. Pose nicely as a member of a literary family (7).
19. Outlets for dress-makers? (6).
20. Makes silent pictures (6).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1168

S	L	A	P	S	T	I	C	K		V	O	T	E	D
A		N		A		N		I		I		R		I
L	O	C	A	L		D	A	N	G	E	R	O	U	S
E		E		T		U		G		T		U		D
M	I	S	S	A	L	S		S	I	N	A	T	R	A
		T		S				W		A				I
D	A	R	K	H	O	R	S	E		M	A	S	O	N
E		A				E		A				L		E
A	R	L	E	S		A	T	R	O	P	H	I	E	D
D				U		R				I		P		
L	E	A	R	N	E	R		S	O	L	A	C	E	D
O		N		D		A		P		L		A		U
C	O	N	T	A	I	N	E	R		A	T	T	I	C
K		E		E		G		A		G		C		A
S	E	X	E	S		E	N	T	R	E	C	H	A	T

Prizewinners to No 1168

John Brasier (North Petherton)

C. C. Evans (Church Village, Glam)

E. H. Semmens (Tel Aviv)

School

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day School. 5-18 years. GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

Publications

FOR A PORTRAIT OF SOWETO see 'The Conditions of the Black Worker'. Price £1.80, p.&p. 20p, from Africa Publications Trust, 48 Grafton Way, London W1P 5LB.

COUNTERATTACK. A new bi-monthly magazine for the self-employed and small businessman. May Issue: The Employment Protection Act: how it could destroy your business and how you can protect yourself against it. Essential reading. 'Counterattack' 279 Church Road, London SE19. (01-653 4798).

COOKERY BOOKS of all kinds, old, new Antiquarian, out-of-print, scarce or simply good available from us, here or by catalogue (6½p stamp please) Abigail Books (N3) Portland Cottage, Buckham Hill, Uckfield, Sussex.

BOOKS. Order by post and charge to your Barclaycard/Access account. Any book in print obtained U.K./U.S. State author, title, publisher (if known). The Lime Tree Bower Press, 46 Brookfield, Highgate West Hill, London N6 6AT.

REVIEW COPIES. We are large buyers of review copies and of collections of books in fine condition on all subjects, including quality paper-backs. R. A. Boon, Booksellers, 348 Upper St, N1. 01-359 1196. Open daily incl. Sat. 9.30 a.m.-5.30 p.m.

REVIEW BOOKS and others in fine condition bought by D. Levin. 13 Grape Street, London WC2. 01-240 2376.

SECONDHAND Fiction and Biography, also new books at reduced prices, all at World of Books, 30 Sackville Street, London W1.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St. London SW13. 01-876 7254.

WORLD HISTORY. Books bought & catalogues issued on most areas. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

'MOUNTAINS IN THE SEA'

By JON MILLER FZS

The natural history of the Azores. An account of the people, the islands, the crops, and even the inhabitants of the surrounding ocean. Details of the open-boat whaling industry, and an appeal on behalf of the threatened whale population of our planet.

Illustrated. Hardback.

Price, including UK postage, only £1.

Now only available from: Albia House, Gillan, Manaccan, Nr Helston, Cornwall. Cheques/POs to J. G. Miller.

ISRAEL & PALESTINE

A monthly review containing the views of Israelis, Palestinians, radicals and peace activists. Plus news and analysis of the Mid-East conflict. £8 per year for 12 issues (£6 for students). Cheques and inquiries to:

Israel & Palestine Monthly, P.O.B. 290, London N13.

Richardson Institute Symposium

'THE MILITARY, THE POLICE and DOMESTIC ORDER'

British and Third World Experiences
Edited by C. Enloe and U. Semin-Panzer

A general theoretical analysis with special focus on past and present British domestic uses of army and police, experiences in India, Malaysia and South Africa. To order, please send £2 (post. incl.) to:

Richardson Institute, 158 North Gower Street, London NW1 2ND.

Secretarial

IBM TYPESETTING, speedy, efficient service at keen rates. Books, catalogues & journals a speciality. Woolf 01-741 2956.

TYPING DONE, reasonable rates. Mrs Wood, 43 Bramley Lane, Sheffield S13 8TY.

RAINBOW OFFICE SERVICES for efficient typing and duplicating. Collection and delivery by arrangement. Phone 460 3430.

IBM TYPEWRITING, DUPLICATING and Xeroxing, also transcribing from Grundig tapes & Philips 86 cassettes. Scotts. 80 Queensway, London W2, 01-727 5828.

PETER COXSON Academic and Literary Typing, 876 5306; 584 0198.

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Phone 727 5289.

Accommodation Vacant

LARGE, 3 bedroom house NW London. £48 p.w. Ring 01-254 8874 evenings.

CONVENIENT LONDON UNIV. Comfortable family house in Highbury, offered for two academic years, Sept. 1976-July 1978. 4 bdrms, cent. htg, garden, washing machine, £50 p.w. excluding rates. Tel. 01-226 1863 or Box 4423.

FURNISHED S/C. FLAT nr Southfields stn. 2 rms, k & b., own meters. Suitable 2 very quiet people. Avail. 1 July. £12.50 p.w., rate contribution. Ring 789 3477.

VISITING ACADEMICS. We have a large selection of flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & London University. Helen Watson & Co. 636 5538.

CHELSEA. Sunny, single bed-sit. all mod. cons. £9 p.w. 352 7552.

LONDON. Well-equipped family house, large rooms, large garden, available August or longer. 01-735 6407.

RADIO PRODUCER with accom. in Black Lion Lane, Hammersmith, would like to contact young man who viewed room on Saturday afternoon 12 June as room is available after all. Phone 748 9468 after 7 p.m.

VACANT SEPT. in Co-ownership house Highbury London. Small unfurn. room, shared amenities, garden. Rent approx. £18 p.m. Secretary, 50 Tuddenham Rd, Ipswich. Tel. Ipswich 53239.

Accommodation Wanted

TEACHER, f., reqs. own room, cooking facilities etc, N/NE London. 743 8703.

HELEN WATSON & CO. require flats for visiting academics. 637 4863.

FRENCH PROFESSIONAL FAMILY, seek accommodation within 3 miles Hammersmith. Sept. to July. At least 2 bedrooms. Tel. Langdon, Hemel Hempstead 2370.

Properties

DESIGNER'S 5-bedroom Victorian semi, pleasant atmosphere. West Malling. Victoria 50 mins. £16,500. 0732 842135.

HAWORTH, YORKS. Small house in Brontë village. 2 beds, kitchen, living room, bathroom, w.c., cellar. £3,000. 01-622 7222.

ISLE OF BUTE. A beautifully fitted architect designed detached bungalow only 4 yrs. old (6 yr. NHBC guarantee still to run) in ½ acre gdn., mostly in lawn with panoramic views over the Firth of Clyde. 2 large bedrooms, study, L-shaped lounge/dining rm., fully tiled bathrm. & sep. cloakrm., dream kit., twin S/S sink and waste disposal unit. Full gas C.H. & dble glazing. Separate brick-built gge, with power point, etc. Included in the sale quality fitted carpets & Sanderson curtains throughout. Offers over £22,000. Rothesay 3371.

Removals

TAXIMOVES FOR 1 & 2 TON VANS, all with helpful working drivers. 722 7661.

DELIVERANCE, REMOVALS & Storage. London, UK and Europe. Good service at competitive price. 01-403 0010.

UK & EUROPEAN REMOVALS

Full and part loads
Door-to-door road van service
Full advice on documentation and insurance
Modern Containerised warehousing facilities

EDENS REMOVALS
574 Wandsworth Road, London SW8.
Phone: 01-622 4311/4
B.A.R. Members. Est. 1919 .

Holidays

HAMPSTEAD. Spacious maisonette, sleeps 5, well-equipped, dishwasher, colour TV, etc. 4 wks from 2 Aug. £65 p.w. 01-794 2072.

OFFER HOUSE in Norwich, fortnight in July in exchange flat in London. Box 4491.

MUSICIAN. Open-plan studio flat 11 weeks 5 July. Double bedroom, bathroom, garden. £25 p.w. Sturrock, 01-789 6129.

LONDON. 17 July to 25 Sept., lecturer's well appointed house 1 mile Regents Park, lounge, kitchen, bedroom, study, (or convert to bedroom), conservatory, large sunny garden. £40 p.w. 01-607 4809.

WELSH HILLS. Superb sit. all comforts, D. b. & b. £24 ea.p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog Trefriw LL27 0QA. Llanrwst 640566.

KIRKDALE SCHOOL CAMPS for 7 to 17 year olds. Good camping holidays. A few places left in our Cornwall and Herefordshire camps. Phone 01-778 0149 evenings or weekends.

UNACCOMPANIED CHILDREN welcome to enjoy a farm holiday in Devon, living as family. Brochure: Addis, Higher Phillishayes, Upottery, Honiton. Tel. Upottery 228.

LONDON. Twenty minutes British Museum, Architect's well-appointed family home, available all August. £300. 19 Lisburne Road, London NW3. 01-267 0090.

BARTON CHILDREN'S HOLIDAYS

Internationally acclaimed holiday centres in the South of England, for children 5 to 17, still have some pleasant summer vacancies.

Colour brochure from: Mr P. Hopper, West Woodyates Manor, Salisbury, Wilts. Tel: Handley (Dorset) 321. Telex 477121.

Financial

MAXIMUM MORTGAGES available. Advic for those planning ahead. Remortgage and secured loans available. Either phon 01-346 4653 (24 hour answering) o write: Martin Hasseck Ltd. Incorporate Mortgage Brokers, Freepost. London NW 1YB. (No stamp required).

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES. £50-£20,00 Regional Trust Ltd, 8 Clifford St. New Bon St, London W1. 01-734 5983 or 2914.

Award

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

Centre for Russian and East European Studies

Department of Accounting

POSTGRADUATE AWARDS

Applications are invited from well-qualified graduates of Accounting or Economics for places to undertake research, leading to the degrees of MSoc.Sc. or PhD., into aspects of the finances, accounting-systems or banking practices of the USSR or Poland (or related fields). Appropriate tuition for those not at present knowing the languages involved is available.

Write in the first instance, before 10 July, to the Secretary, Centre for Russian and East European Studies, University of Birmingham, Birmingham 15.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

Research and Statistics Officer

Dacorum District Council, Hertfordshire
£5,103 to £5,721 + £120 Local Weighting Allowance

The Authority is looking for an enthusiastic man or woman to carry out a wide range of research projects. Reporting directly to the Chief Executive, the person appointed will initially complete a comprehensive housing survey.

This important position will appeal to a graduate with some local government experience and interested in researching social and economic conditions in an attractive area of West Hertfordshire. The ability to communicate with people at all levels is essential as is a high degree of initiative. Some knowledge of the application of computer techniques would be advantageous.

Help with housing will be considered.

For further information and an application form, please write to R. H. Davis, Chief Executive, Dacorum District Council, Dacorum Civic Centre, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.
Closing date for applications is 12 July.

Dacorum
District Council

SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND
Harmeny School, Balerno.

HOUSEMOTHER and HOUSEFATHER REQUIRED

for August at School for emotionally disturbed primary aged boys and girls. The therapeutic work is based on developing good personal relationships. Applicants need real sympathy with the problem of emotional disturbance. Initiative, vigour and a sense of responsibility essential. Previous experience and/or training is desirable.

Salary NJC scale less board and lodging. For further details telephone: Headmaster 031-449 3938.

TRADE UNION ORGANISER

THE

NATIONAL UNION OF BANK EMPLOYEES

require an Organiser to work in the Southern and West Country Region but based on the Union's Office in Salisbury. Previous experience in this type of employment would be an advantage. Commencing salary £3,525 p.a. on scale rising to £4,329 p.a. Motor car provided. Good holidays and conditions of service. Applications giving full details of age, qualifications and previous posts should be addressed to NUBE, Sheffield House, Portsmouth Road, Esher, Surrey, by 30 June 1976.

TRADES UNION CONGRESS

EDUCATION OFFICER

required for the Trades Union Congress Education Service in Scotland. Mainly organising and administrative duties related to trade union education and training programmes. Centred in Glasgow the appointment will be from 1 October 1976 but applicants are urged to write immediately for particulars from:

The General Secretary, TUC, Congress House, Great Russell St, London WC1B 3LS.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF WELLINGTON
New Zealand

LECTURESHIP IN POLITICAL SCIENCE

Applications are invited from men and women for the above-mentioned appointment in the School of Political Science and Public Administration. Candidates should be qualified in the general field of Political Science. Preference may be given to a candidate with an interest in comparative politics (Western Europe).

Salary range: NZ$8,309 to $10,360 plus a cost of living allowance of NZ$365 p.a.

Further particulars, application procedure and conditions of appointment available from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

Applications close on 31 August 1976.

PROJECT OFFICER

INTERNATIONAL VOLUNTARY SERVICE

Office: based in Leicester

Responsibilities: To select, evaluate and organise workcamps and other projects throughout the UK. To visit and support Local Groups. To develop an awareness of current issues in the mental health field.

Experience: Work with volunteers and groups. Social work and youth work.

Qualities: Ability to communicate well and work on own initiative. Sense of humour essential.

Salary: On a point in the scale £1,900-£2,800 (cost of living review imminent).

Application forms etc. on request from:

Sandra Graham,
International Voluntary Service, 53 Regent Road, Leicester LE1 6YL
(Tel. 0533 541862)

Oxford University Press

Editor

A vacancy will occur in mid-November for an editor in the paperbacks department of the General Division of the Press.

The work will involve editing original paperbacks on a wide variety of subjects, seeing them through from typescript stage to publication. The job will also carry the responsibility for planning and producing trade paperback editions from one section of the OUP backlist. The position will be based at Oxford.

The successful candidate will probably have an honours degree and at least two years' editorial experience.

Salary by negotiation between £3000-£3500 p.a.

Please write with details of education and experience to Jenny Pascoe, Oxford University Press, Ely House, 37 Dover Street, London W1X 4AH.

ASTMS

Research Department
require

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

Although the scope of the job is very wide ranging it would be of great advantage to have a good background of Economics and/or Accountancy.

Starting rate £4,164. 5 weeks holiday. LVs.

Application and CV to Barrie Sherman, ASTMS, 10/26a Jamestown Road, London NW1 7DY by Friday 9 July.

TRADE UNION ORGANISER

THE

NATIONAL UNION OF BANK EMPLOYEES

require an Organiser to work in the East Midlands Area but based on the Union's Office in Birmingham. Previous experience in this type of employment would be an advantage. Commencing salary £3,525 p.a. on scale rising to £4,329 p.a. Motor car provided. Good holidays and conditions of service. Applications giving full details of age, qualifications and previous posts should be addressed to NUBE, Sheffield House, Portsmouth Road, Esher, Surrey, by 30 June 1976.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OXFORD
National Agency Service
Applications are invited for the post of
SECRETARY/AGENT
to the Oxford Constituency Labour Party. Salary and conditions in accordance with the national agreement (£2,637 - £2,947 + car allowance etc.). The Constituency is Labour held and highly marginal and a well equipped office is available. Application forms may be obtained from H. R. Underhill, The National Agent, The Labour Party, Smith Square, London SW1P 3JA, to whom they should be returned not later than Thursday 1 July 1976.

MARKETING MANAGER
required for
Small Birmingham based Co-operative distributing books and pamphlets from and about the Third World. Must be committed and mobile. Salary from £1,500 according to need. Application to:
Third World Publications,
138 Stratford Road,
Birmingham B11 1AH.
Telephone 021-773 6572.

Commencing early August
LONDON WEEKEND TELEVISION
needs lively, personable, intelligent and experienced
RESEARCHERS
To meet people in the public eye and in private life, talk to them and assess their value as characters and conversationalists. Initial contract will be for four months.
Applications to:
Staff Officer, Ref. NS,
London Weekend Television,
South Bank Television Centre,
Kent House, Upper Ground,
London SE1.

UNITED KINGDOM IMMIGRANTS ADVISORY SERVICE
has a vacancy for a
SENIOR IMMIGRATION COUNSELLOR
at Leeds
Candidates should have legal or social work background and a knowledge of Asian languages would be advantageous. Salary negotiable.
Apply to:
The Director, United Kingdom Immigrants Advisory Service, Brettenham House, 7th Floor, Savoy Street, Strand, London WC2E 7EN.

FINE ART BOOKSELLERS
(mail-order) require
CLERK
for invoice typing and filing. Near British Museum. No Sats., hrs 10-6, or by arrangement. Good wages. Holiday arrangements *honoured.* C. G. *Rosenberg & Co.* Ltd., 92 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3PU.
Tel: 636 0639.

YOUTH PROJECT IN NORTH PECKHAM. Summer and long term—a variety of working situations with young people in a well established project. If you have initiative, responsibility and determination, and would like to join an existing team of staff and volunteers, contact Danny Franco—Detached Youth Worker—01-703 4775 for further details.

SENIOR ANALYST 30-ish, 360/70 exp. *E. London, £4,750. Ring* Jane Morgan, 01-499 0477.

SECRETARY
required
for white collar union National Officer. Ideal for someone who enjoys responsibility and working on own initiative with involvement in National Industrial Relations as part of Britain's fastest growing union. Starting salary £3,600 (plus cost of living escalators), LVs, 34 hour week, 5 weeks' holiday (holidays *honoured*). Apply for *application* form to Roger Lyons, ASTMS, 10/26a Jamestown Road, London NW1, or telephone 01-267 4422.

RESEARCH IN SOCIAL SERVICES EXPENDITURE
QUALIFIED RESEARCHER
with experience of social policy or related systematic research required to investigate the establishment of priorities in the personal social services. Appointment for one year in first instance. Salary on University Lecturers' scale.
Details from John Warder, PSSC, Brook House, 2-16 Torrington Place, London WC1E 7HN.
01-323 4757.

STELLA FISHER BUREAU – next week or as long as you like. Contented temps, Shorthand/audio/copy/clerical/switchboard. All skills well paid and well received throughout London. Stella Fisher Bureau, 110 Strand, WC2. 01-836 6644.

LENDRICK MUIR SCHOOL, Rumbling Bridge, Kinross. A residential Secondary School for maladjusted children of above average intelligence. Wanted for 1 October 1976, *or before it possible*, Senior Matron to take charge of wellbeing, health and clothing of approximately 70 boys. She would be assisted by a team of Housemothers. Preference given to candidates with nursing qualifications. Salary on Scale £2,607-£3,096, less £372 Board and Lodging. Sleeping-in allowance under negotiation. Reply to Headmaster giving brief details and whether available for interview in second half of August.

NALGO requires a Temporary Clerk to work in its Research Section for at least three months, commencing July '76. Salary within scale £1,215-£2,775 p.a. plus London Weighting according to age and experience. Applications in writing to the General Secretary, NALGO, 1 Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9AJ.

WANTED. Part-time audio typist for publisher six minutes from Victoria Station. Apply Box 4456.

HACKNEY COMMUNITY RELATIONS. *Council have vacancies for the following* two posts; 1. Casework Officer 2. Family Centre Project Officer (initial appointment for 5 year period). Degree, Diploma and/or considerable experience with ethnic minorities an advantage. Starting salary for both posts is £3,303 p.a. incl. LWA. Closing Date for receipt of applications is Friday 16 July 1976. For full job description and application form write to: Mr A. Balladin, Hackney Community Relations Council, 245 Mare Street, Hackney, London E.8. Tel. 985 5244.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 12 Carlton House Terrace, London SW1. Applications sought for position of General Administrator. Please apply in writing to the Council, enclosing complete CV. Previous administrative experience is an essential qualification.

TEMPORARY SECRETARIAL WORK through Covent Garden Bureau, offers the best scope to the London Secretary/Typist. Join us now for the summer. Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 01-353 7696.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

COLLEGE LEAVER Secretaries *preferring* Social Services, Charities and The Arts in general will prefer to find their first post through the College Leaver Specialists at Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, London EC4. 01-353 7696.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp Fenwick's). 493 3005.

Appointments Wanted

PART-TIME APPOINTMENT required by woman arts grad. Exper. E.F.L. teaching, lecturing (Lit. & Visual Arts), author research, reviewing, editing, proofing plus sec. & admin. work. Sound knowledge French. Box 4437.

JOURNALIST, 23, 5 yrs. London suburban newspaper, seeks new employment, possibly research but anything considered. 01-446 1812.

Fellowships

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER
CREATIVE WRITING FELLOWSHIP
Applications are invited for this post, tenable for one year initially, from practising writers. The appointee will not be required to undertake formal teaching. Salary range p.a.: £2,766 – £3,378. Particulars and application forms (returnable by 12 July) from the Registrar, The University, Manchester M13 9PL. Quote ref: 120/76/NS.

The POLYTECHNIC WOLVERHAMPTON
Creative Writing Fellowship
Applications are invited from practising writers (men or women) for this one-year fellowship (in certain circumstances renewable for a second year) which is financed by the Arts Council of Great Britain, and is tenable at the Polytechnic. It is designed to enable a creative writer to develop his/her work and it is hoped that his/her presence in the Polytechnic will act as a stimulus to staff and students. The salary will be in the region of £3,678 p.a. Interviews will take place in July for an appointment from 1st September, 1976.
Further particulars are available from the Establishment Officer, The Polytechnic, Wulfruna Street, Wolverhampton WV1 1LY.
Closing date for applications: 7th July, 1976.

CREATIVE WRITING FELLOWSHIP
Applications are invited from writers of books for young people (5-16) for a one-year fellowship, from October 1976-June 1977 inclusive, attached to the Faculty of Education Studies. A salary of £3,285 would be payable from a grant by the Arts Council. Residence might be available.
Applications should be sent to: **Principal, Brighton College of Education, Falmer, Brighton BN1 9PH by 7 July 1976.**

WHICH?
Consumers' Association, publishers of the Which? magazines, are looking for a new member for the team carrying out research and writing reports on subjects such as borrowing, investment, tax and insurance for:
MONEY WHICH?
We need someone with the capacity to plan their own work, and to carry out exhaustive enquiries enthusiastically and tactfully. The ability to work hard and to meet deadlines in a fast-moving department is more important than previous experience in the financial world. Applicants should be educated to degree standard, and should have at least two years' working experience in their chosen career.
Starting salary will be in the region of £4,000 at the commencement of a four year contract.
Applications, enclosing curriculum vitae, should reach the Personnel Manager by 2 July and should be addressed to: Consumers' Association, 14 Buckingham Street, LONDON WC2.

FALMOUTH SCHOOL OF ART invites applications from practising **writers in verse, prose and/or drama** for
AN ARTS COUNCIL CREATIVE WRITING FELLOWSHIP
tenable during the academic year from 20 September 1976, with the possibility of renewal for a further year. The successful applicant will have no formal teaching duties, but will be expected to take a part in the school's artistic life. Salary in excess of £3,000 and negotiable. A detailed curriculum vitae plus a statement of how the candidate might use the Fellowship time should be sent to: **The Principal, Falmouth School of Art, Woodland, Falmouth, Cornwall,** to arrive not later than 5 July 1976.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Voice of Iran change frequency

The English Programme of Iran Radio will be broadcast for Europe on 11770 KHZ (25 metre band) as from 20 June 1976, from 20.00 to 23.00 GMT.

Studentships

THE CITY UNIVERSITY

POSTGRADUATE SRC STUDENTSHIP IN MATHEMATICS/ENGINEERING

Applications are invited from Applied Mathematics Graduates or Engineering Graduates with a good mathematical background for a research studentship leading to the degree of PhD. The field of research is transient behaviour of helical springs and the work will be jointly supervised by the Departments of Mathematics and Mechanical Engineering.

Applications should be sent to Dr H. R. Harrison, Department of Mechanical Engineering, The City University, St John Street, London EC1V 4PB.

THE CITY UNIVERSITY

in association with

THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC & DRAMA

Applications are invited for the Worshipful Company of Musicians

RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP IN ELECTRONIC MUSIC

Applicants, who should have a good honours degree in a related subject, will be expected to register for the degree of Master of Philosophy of the University.

The subject of the research may be chosen from the whole field of electronic music, ranging from research into composition to research into the technical aspects of electronic music studios. An interest in the digital processing of sounds and the development of digital studio techniques would be welcomed.

Further information from the Head of Music, The City University, St John Street, London EC1V 4PB.

COURSES CONTD. from page 866

THE CITY UNIVERSITY

POSTGRADUATE DIPLOMA COURSE IN JOURNALISM

This course, which commences in October 1976, will prepare students for careers in journalism. The course will focus primarily upon basic skills relevant to journalism; there will also be some emphasis upon specialist fields—such as industrial/financial and technology/science journalism.

Applications are invited from graduates and from those graduating in 1976. For further particulars and application forms write to: Mr D. E. P. Jenkins, Centre for Arts & Related Studies, The City University, St John Street, London EC1V 4PB.

Closing date for applications: 5 July 1976.

ASSOCIATION FOR GROUP AND INDIVIDUAL PSYCHOTHERAPY TRAINING COURSE 1976-1979

Applicants, analysed or intending to have an analysis with a recognised psychotherapist and having academic or professional experience relevant to working with people.
The three year course comprises weekly seminars, ongoing groups, supervision for first patients.

Write to:

The Secretary, A.G.I.P., 29 St Marks Crescent, London NW1.

DEGREE, GCE and Professional courses in the comfort of your own home by qualified tutors from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford correspondence college (founded 1894) and Accredited by CACC. Free prospectus from W. M. M. Milligan MBE, TD, MA, Dept 8G1, Wolsey Hall, Oxford, OX2 6PR, or telephone 0865-54231.

WANTED
FOR
COMPUTER CAREER OPENING

INTELLIGENT YOUNG-MINDED PEOPLE WHO:

1—Want to earn really good salaries:
2—Must have a job which uses their talents and satisfies them:
3—Would like to control the way computers get used:
4—Will have the interest and determination to come and spend a whole evening with our selectors, getting a programmed machine to arrange this and criticising the use of machines at final interview.

The London Training Division of Control Data Corporation, who make the world's most powerful computer have vacancies on training – entry scheme for alert, determined people between 18-30 who will be trained and helped to find career positions in programming, computer engineering or computer operations. Backed by Control Data, the applicants selected will be making a completely new start in a field which offers high progressive salaries, really interesting work, and rapidly expanding prospects. They must be prepared to train intensively for at least 3 months and they will be asked to repay the cost of training out of their subsequent salary.

If you feel this is an opportunity worth examining, the first step is to spend an evening with us, so that you can investigate the opportunity fully, take selection tests and then, if it seems a good idea to both of us, arrange a final interview.

The evening we would like to meet you is Monday, June 28th, but if this is impossible, we will certainly arrange an alternative. Have our interview programme take care of the arrangements for you.

Be ready to take notes:
Call our operator on
01-637 2171
Ask her to connect you to
PROGRAM 5R
(for June 28th)
PROGRAM 7R
(for alternative)
WE LOOK FORWARD WITH INTEREST TO MEETING YOU

Personal

WANTED: a caring foster family, preferably with some medical/nursing skills who might be able to meet the needs of a bright attractive, 17 year-old girl with emotional problems associated with chronic renal failure, out-patient dialysis, family rejection, a mixed ethnic background. We value and are prepared to reward your qualities of warmth and understanding with a realistic and generous allowance. Contact: Mrs Joy Pappenheim, Senior Social Worker, The Royal Free Hospital, Pond Street, Hampstead, London NW3. Tel: 01-794 0500 ext. 3697.

MY LOVELY & INTELLIGENT WIFE is a terminal wheelchair patient. To give her a holiday I need the use of a good-sized motor-caravan with integral toilet, for 2 weeks after 19 July and before mid-Sept. £175 available and highest refs. 30 years clean licence. Can someone help please? Box 4504.

FOREIGN MUM ALONE, two children 10 & 12, seeks detached accom. country in exchange reliable domestic services. Box 4507.

A. F. BELL requests that whatever section of British Intelligence has been harassing him for the past 17 years would they please now desist, as he is getting a bit fed up with it all.

AU PAIR for USA to give French or German Language lessons to two teenagers. No housework. Write to Box 4263.

BRIDGE PLAYERS and learners London area, send s.a.e. for details of Bridge-at-Home Club, 5 Norbreck Parade, NW10.

AU PAIR USA July, August or one year. Write Box 4262.

MONEY FANATICS SOLVE INFLATION problems, build up capital, saving 30p daily with tax relief. For financial advice ring 01-405 6394.

TAXATION & ACCOUNTANCY Services reduce tax for clients in UK. 01-623 6150.

BODYMIND METHODS (Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation, Reciport (reciprocal non-professional support)) can be integrated. To find out how, inquire Reciport, 10 Steeles Mews South, NW3; 586 4109, 9-9.30, 18.30-19 hrs.

ISRAEL KIBBUTZ schemes. For details send s.a.e. to Project 67 (NS), 21 Little Russell Street:, WC1. Tel. 01-242 3506.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, psychologist, formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416.

ANIMALS AND ESP: Author would welcome examples of 'psi-trailing', precognition, telepathy, unusual rapport, etc. Dennis Bardens, 3 Horbury Mews, London W11 3NL. Tel. 01-727 9391.

VISION CORRECTED. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates practitioner, Michael Ronan, 39 Smith Street, London SW3. 935 9847.

SLEEP – GLORIOUS SLEEP with Kifa Ear Plugs 75p pkt incl. p & p. Svedmed, 15 Church St. Weybridge, Surrey, KT13 8DE.

HAPPY PEOPLE ARE HATHA YOGA people. Act now. Phone the Yoga Studio 01-935 6549. 6 Paddington St, London W1.

GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA. Would some mature & musical man like to share Mozart and a summer evening with a delightful and mature female? If so, please write fully to Box 4326.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, perfect, emotionally and legally free, seeks perfect woman in her 20/30s. Edinburgh/Glasgow area. Box 4388.

TRAVELLED, sophisticated widow, late 50s, seeks companionship with intelligent gentleman of good standing. Culture and style important. Box 4472.

PETITE, London singer, 44, sks gentleman for genuine friendship initially. Box 4470.

ATTRACTIVE, intelligent lady would like to meet modern gentleman, 35-40 and well-established, view friendship. Box 4488.

AMERICAN WRITER. Permanent arrival July. Seeks slim, cultured lady, 40-50, with car, for good conversation, arts, travel. Willing to share major expenses. Full details please. Box 4361.

I AM THIRTY, female and have quite a lot to offer, but I am lonely and unhappy. This is mainly because I seem unable to reconcile compulsive demands for security with the stifling of life which this involves. Is there a man who perhaps shares my love of music and of walking, and who might have the wisdom and patience to help me find the way through my dilemma (preferably in the Hereford area)? Box 4328.

INDIAN electronics engineer, divorced (after 11 yrs marriage), 45 yrs, young looking, ex-Merchant Navy officer, now working as systems engineer in Algeria, keen photographer, extensively travelled, kind, generous, sentimental, interested in people, arts, books, theatre, classical music, philosophy, esoteric/aware. Seeking the companionship of a young lady, circa 30/40, university educated, teacher? Cultured, above average intelligence, capable of lasting, warm and tender relationship, a good hostess. Meet end June, London. Please reply with Tel. No. to Box 4372.

HEADMASTER (Juniors), 50, single, still cares, likes to feel needed, mostly homebird but still likes touch of adventure. Seeks contact widow/divorcee with family boy/boys and possibly girl (all young). Willing be a step-father, possibly father? Box 4358.

LADY DIVORCEE would like to meet youthful, middle-class gentleman 55-65, interested in making new start in life. London area. Box 4481.

ATTRACTIVE business lady, Anglo/French, widowed with 2 well brought-up daughters, mid-40s, 5'6", seeks relationship intelligent, honest, happy, free, gentleman, 50-60, with good position. Late husband Jewish. Enjoying arts, country, good food. Box 4502.

WARM-HEARTED intelligent widow, 48, loves Bach, Beethoven, reading, children, animals, nature, people, would like to hear from kind, sensitive, mature, professional man aged 43-53, SE area. Box 4485.

HAMPSHIRE MALE, 49, amiable, amorous, optimist, not free. Would enjoy meeting ample lady, similar disposition, lively personality. Box 4428.

TALL AMERICAN Psychologist wants to meet intelligent, attractive, child-free woman, 33-40. Potential unlimited. Box 4499.

EVEN IF YOU'VE NO SPARE TIME

The challenge of International Bacchus could interest you. Our 2-way organisation will enable you to make new friends in an atmosphere of helping those less fortunate. Young professionals anywhere in England should write to The Bacchus Central Office at:

Pembridge Hall, 17 Pembridge Sq., London W2.

N.W. LONDON READERS

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR T.V. RENTAL SERVICE?

DRAZIN LTD offer a high standard of service with a wide choice of models. We have been established in Hampstead since 1927. Telephone 435 7441 or call at our showrooms at

59 HEATH ST, NW3

(opposite Hampstead Tube Station)

N.W. London readers only, please

NW ENGLAND. Warm-hearted artist (f.), middle-aged, seeks gentleman companion, 45-55, view friendship/marriage. Pref. of the professions – with sense of humour and no ties. Box 4452.

INTIMATE, enduring, discreet liaison with educated lady sought by university teacher in early middle age. Box 4468.

OPTIMISTIC, ENTERPRISING, attractive female, early 40s, divorced, has sorted out all the usual problems, leaving her free to seek the companionship and sharing of leisure with tall, active, professional male of similar age, hopefully a lover of classical music. London area. Box 4464.

SWISS COUNT'S DAUGHTER, 27, Christian, lively, beautiful, intd. arts, sks very refined yng man, Oxon/Cantab. No sex! Box 4373.

LONDON/KENT. Very attractive, mature divorcée. Warm personality, good figure, comfortable home. Not rich, nor penniless. Agnostic, leftish. Seeks compatible m. companion, reasonably intelligent, financially sound. Sixtyish. Box 4404.

LONDON MAN, 48, seeks left-wing woman, interested books, home-life. Box 4403.

MAN, 51, ties, seeks attractive lady, 35-plus, able to give French conversation practice on friendly basis, possibly en route to theatre, music, art. Box 4427.

IS THERE A WOMAN, preferably under 45, at least in appearance and vitality, a grad. prof., intellectually aware and concerned, fond of music, who feels the need for a stable relationship with a similar male? Box 4426.

LADY, late 20s, very attractive, warm, intell., seeks very successful/well-established, good humoured, well-built man-friend, pref. in 30s. Full details Box 4425.

WOMAN. Young, late 30s, (one child), mid Devon, seeks tall man, with artistic and cultural interests, 40s. Box 4424.

UNIQUE SOCIAL CLUB. Make friends with really interesting people. Members include doctors, air hostesses, nurses, etc. Details s.a.e.: N33, Sheringham Avenue, N.14.

HEATHER JENNER—MARRIAGE BUREAU The only Bureau to have representatives throughout the country. Send s.a.e. to Main Office, 124 New Bond Street, London W1. 01-629 9634. Interviews free.

MEET PEOPLE, make friends at parties for dances, theatres, outings etc. S.a.e. to Companions, 10N-119 Oxford Street, W1R 1PA.

'NOTHING IS GOOD OR FAIR, ALONE'. Everybody is somebody's ideal partner. You may be the answer to one of our clients' prayers! Write or 'phone London's premier intro service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs).

ALONE? Free friendship scheme, 'New Life' magazine. Free copy, details. Foolscap s.a.e. to: NS, 37 Melrose Ave, London SW16.

MARRIAGE & ADVICE BUREAU. Katharine Allen (ex-Welfare Officer Ministry of Labour, War Office, Foreign Office). Personal introductions. 7 Sedley Pl., W1. 499 2556.

FRIENDSHIP MARRIAGE CENTRE caters for educated people, all ages, nationwide. Est. 10 yrs. Confidential details to: M/C, 74m Amhurst Park, London N16.

AT LAST! A Marriage & Friendship Bureau run by professionals. Very experienced male and female interviewers, (Personnel Managers, Staff Selection Consultants, etc). Home visits if required. Unique personal service. Joan Remick Bureau, 155 Knightsbridge, London SW1X 7PA, or phone 01-589 7567.

DUREX. Latest Continental, Japanese and American brands at discount prices. Send for details of free dozen offer. Premier, 11/46 Black Lion St, Brighton BN1 1PJ.

THE WAY-IN CLUB

- Compatible Company, with
- Professional and Executive
- People, in the
- 30 + age group, enjoying
- Social & Cultural Events, in
- London, with a
- Mayfair club for members' use

Write or phone (01-629 2328)
6 Horseshoe Yard, Brook St., London W1.

CONTRACEPTIVES INTERNATIONAL

48 DUREX Gossamer	£2.50
8 FRENCH TICKLERS	£2.20
36 NUFORM/FETHERLITE	£2.50
12 AEGIS Black Geronimo	£1.25
16 LONG LOVE 'DELAY'	£2.20
10 DUTCH FUN	£1.80
12 U.S.A. Stimula	£1.75
INTERNATIONAL Selection	£2.50

Warwick Supplies (NES), Commerce House, Water Orton, Birmingham, B46 1RR Return AD when ordering for **FREE Samples worth 85p!!**
(OVER 100 PRODUCTS IN STOCK)

Prestige Partners

London's most exclusive intro Service for Professionals, Academics and Executives

Mr., Mrs., Miss.....
Address.....
.....
Occupation.....
Tel. No..... Age.....
Send to Prestige Partners (NS) 34 Baker Street, London W1, or phone

01-487 5797

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN
Vol. 91 No 2362

Contents

832 **James Fenton:** Spotlight on Politics
833 **Donald Woods:** Dress Rehearsal in South Africa
834 **Christopher Hitchens:** Stalemate, Italian Style
835 **Corinna Adam:** The Nice People's Campaign
836 **Jane Hewland:** All Aboard the Airbus
837 **John Hatch:** Chill Wind in Jamaica
838 **Peter Wilby:** Exams and Elitists
840 **Peter Gillman:** Questions of Identity
842 **Allan Ashbolt:** It's Queen's Move in Australia
844 **Crucifer:** London Diary
845 **Paul Callan:** Walking Among Kings
845 **Arthur Marshall:** First Person
846 **Roger Woddis:** Under New Management
846 **Letters to the Editor**

Books and Arts
849 **Malcolm Muggeridge:** The History of Christianity
851 **Paul Theroux:** Joyce Cary's Essays

Other reviews by Steven Lukes, Peter Conrad, Derek Mahon, Alan Ryan, Valentine Cunningham
857 **Benedict Nightingale:** Theatre
858 **Ian Hamilton:** Television
858 **Bayan Northcott:** Music
859 **John Coleman:** Films
860 **Nathan Silver:** Architecture
861 **Weekend Competition and Chess**
862 **Crossword**
Poem by Norman MacCaig

Theatres

CHICHESTER. 0243 86333. 24, 26 June, 1 July at 2.0, 29 June, 2, 3, 5 July at 7.0 'Twelfth Night'; 24, 25, 26, 28, 30 June, 1, 6 July at 7.0; 3 July at 2.0 'Noah'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Sparrowfall', by Alan Drury. Prevs. from 1-4 July. *Nightly at 8 p.m. including Sun.*

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE CLUB. 722 9301. Unity Theatre's prof. company in 'Occupations' by Trevor Griffiths. Dir. by Declam Mulholland. 7.45 p.m. Ends 26 June Admission £1.0, Students, OAPs 60p.

LYTTELTON (New National Theatre) 928 2252. Fri. 7.45 & Sat. 2.30 & 7.45, 'Watch It Come Down', by John Osborne. Mon. at 7 'Hamlet'. Tues. & Thurs. 7.45 'Blithe Spirit', Wed. 2.30 & 7.45 'Plunder'. Over *100 excellent £1 seats on sale day of perf.*

POLESDEN LACEY OPEN AIR, Great Bookham, Surrey. 'Twelfth Night' 30 June 1, 2 July 7.30 p.m. Sat. 3 July 3 & 7.30 p.m. 'Antony & Cleopatra' 7, 8, 9 July 7.30 p.m. Sat. 10 July 3 & 7.30 p.m. Tickets £1.30, £1 and 75p. Bookham 52241 10 a.m.-7 p.m. (Sat 1 p.m.).

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. 'Fantastically successful Beckett season' – Sun. Times. Evs. at 8, Sats. 5 & 8.30 'Endgame'.

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334
'Worth queuing for from breakfast time' Financial Times.
TOM STOPPARD'S DIRTY LINEN
Mon. - Thurs. at 8.30. Fri. & Sat. 7.00 & 9.15.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
70p per line (average 6 words; minimum 2 lines) Box No 50p
Trade in Personal £1.00 Display, centimetre £4.00
Send copy to arrive Tuesday a.m. or telephone 01-405 8471
NEW STATESMAN, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ

The Poetry Book Society presents
POETRY INTERNATIONAL 76
JUNE 28 — JULY 2
I.C.A. NASH HOUSE, THE MALL, S.W.1
(Tickets 60p from Box Office 01-930 6393)
MONDAY 28 JUNE
6.15 p.m. SOME SOURCES OF MODERN GREEK POETRY in readings, recordings and slides presented by **Nikos Stangos.**
8.30 p.m. BRITANNIA BRIGHT'S BEWILDERMENT IN THE WILDERNESS OF WESTMINSTER narrated by **Clive James** and **Russell Davies.**
WEDNESDAY 30 JUNE
6.15 p.m. HEBREW POETRY: a survey by the distinguished Israeli poet **T. Carmi,** with readings by **Charles Osborne**
8.30 p.m. THE COMIC MUSE: a programme of light verse presented by **Kingsley Amis** and read by **Prunella Scales** and **Alan Bennett.**
THURSDAY 1 JULY
6.15 p.m. ROOMS, STREETS, LANDSCAPES: **Charles Tomlinson** presents a choice of modern French poetry, with readings by **Michel Couturier.**
8.30 p.m. AN IMPROMPTU EVENING WITH THE EARL OF ROCHESTER introduced by **Peter Porter** with readings by **Maxine Audley** and **Richard Pascoe.**
QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL, SOUTH BANK, S.E.1
(Tickets 45p to £1.10 from Box Office 01-928 3191)
TUESDAY 29 JUNE
7.45 p.m. LOUISE GLUCK, MICHAEL HARPER, GALWAY KINNELL, DENISE LEVERTOV, PHILIP LEVINE, MARK STRAND. The final performance of the American poets who have been touring Great Britain to celebrate Bicentennial Year.
FRIDAY 2 JULY
7.45 p.m. Readings by GIULIANO DEGO (Italy), NATALYA GORBANEVSKAYA (Russia), ROBERT GRAVES (U.K.), A. L. HENDRIKS (Jamaica), RICHARD MURPHY (Ireland), NORMAN NICHOLSON (U.K.).

CAMBRIDGE
THEATRE Earlham Street, Tel: 01-836 6056
Under the direction of Larry Parnes
JANET SUZMAN NIGEL DAVENPORT
JUNE RITCHIE ANGELA DOWN
PETER EYRE SUSAN ENGEL
JOHN SHRAPNEL PETER BAYLISS
and
SEBASTIAN SHAW
in
JONATHAN MILLER'S
PRODUCTION OF
Three Sisters
BY ANTON CHEKHOV
Translation by ELISAVETA FEN
FOR A LIMITED SEASON
Evenings at 8.0
Wednesday Matinee at 3.0. Saturdays at 4.30 & 8.0

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 95 61107. 'Cowardy Custard', an entertainment featuring the words and music of Noël Coward.

VANBRUGH THEATRE CLUB, To 26 June Chekov: 'Three Sisters'. 30 June-3 July Orson Welles: 'Moby Dick—Rehearsed'. Details: RADA, 62 Gower St, London WC1. 636 7076.

WAKEFIELD TRICYCLE TH. CO. is now touring 3 musical shows to Communities, Festivals and Theatres: 'The Great Gobstopper' for Kids; 'Money is the Root', + 'Mind Music' for adults. Bkgs: 01-960 3094

Entertainments

NICE BAROQUE SOUNDS for your parties, soirées, social functions, plus (Cabaret Time) readings from McGonagall. Ridiculously reasonable rates. Tay Bridge Ensemble. 01-261 5756 (days) 01-995 0590 (evenings).

'SONGS FOR NAMIBIA', Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl. Also Irish (trad.) music Fri. 2 July 7.30 p.m. At Stoke Newington Town Hall, N16. £1. NSC, 21 Tabernacle St, EC2. (588 4342).

Poetry

KAREN GERSHON, Philip Hobsbaum and Lewis Nkosi, Sun. 27 June at 7.30 p.m Wine Bar, King's Arms Pub, Sloane Sq SW1. Adm. 50p. Stud. 30p, OAP's 20p Inq. 730 1885, organiser LPS assisted

ARTS COUNCIL SHOP
Poetry International '76
June 28 to July 2
Readings daily at 1 p.m. by:
Patric Dickinson ..... Monday
Patricia Beer ..... Tuesday
Edwin Brock ..... Wednesday
Gavin Ewart ..... Thursday
Jon Silkin ..... Friday
28 Sackville St, Piccadilly, W1.
Admission Free
01-734 4318

Concert

AN EVENING OF TAGORE'S MUSIC Mrs. Kanika Bannerjee, with artists fro Shantiniketon London at Conway Hall, R Lion Sq., 26 June, 7.30 p.m. Inqs. Prantik, 337 6177, p.m. only.

Exhibitions

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt Turnst WC1. 405 9836. Henry Moore's 'Sket book 1926' facsimile edition.

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1. F Exhibitions: Samuel Colman, Will Townsend, John Latham and Mich Moon. Until 25 July. Weekdays 10 Sundays 2-6. Admission Free.

Meetings

THE CULTURAL & COMMUNITY STUD Unit of the Polytechnic of Central Lon present a Public Lecture on Film Censor given by Mr James Ferman, Secretary of British Board of Film Censors, on Tues June at 6.30 p.m. The Large Lecture T tre. P.C.L., 115 Cavendish St, London

4 JULY LIBERTY RALLY in aid of senters in Soviet Prison Mental Hospi *Trafalgar Square. 2.30 p.m.*

NATALIE REIN will discuss the Positio Women in Israel on Sun. 27 June 8 p.m Young Mapam, 37 Broadhurst Gdns, N

THEODOR HERZL SOCIETY, 57 Eton NW3. Tues. 29 June 8.15 p.m. 'Pour Israel?'. Powerful, information-packed

YOUNG FABIAN SCHOOL, 16-18 Sheffield. 'People Power', directed Neil nock MP. Details: 11 Dartmouth St, Lo SW1. Tel. 01-930 3077.

JUSTICE: Open meeting Tuesday 29 6 p.m. Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, WC2. Kilbrandon on 'The Police and the Pu

AFRICA WOMAN: Talk by Taiwo actress and broadcaster. Tues. 29 *6.30 p.m. Adm: 40p. Stud. 25p.* Centre, 38 King St, WC2. 836 1973

MICHAEL FOOT MP, Audrey Willia and Peter Cadogan on 'Thomas Paine American Independence'. A bicent meeting at 3 p.m. Sunday 4 July, Cc Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Adm free. Organised jointly by the Th Paine Society & South Place Ethical So

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRI Holland Pk, W11. Sun. 27 June S Swami Bhavyananda, 'Questions and swers'. All welc. Vedanta mag. 40

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston S London SW1. Sat. 26 June 3 p.m. Day', Tues. 29 June 6.30 p.m. ducing Buddhism'. All welcome. s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY. Public Talk & Que Sun. 27 June 8 p.m. Free. 'Theoso Social Issues'. S.a.e. for programme, list & literature. ULT, 62 Queen's dens, London W2.

Courses

GENTLE GHOST SUMMER COU Astrology, Sexuality, Mysticism, Ma Meditation, Yoga. Brochure: 01-603

COURSES CONTD. on page 8

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed in England by Eden Fisher (Southend) Ltd. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd. at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED